

High's

TOMORROW shoppers will realize more than ever that it is to their best interests to come here for bargains.

"We Are House Cleaning"

And need your help. You can help us get ready for the Exposition rush, and at the same time help yourself by buying any of these specials. We want room. These prices will make it.

Silks.

New line of Fancy Taffetas and Black Satins, worth 98c, Monday at 69c a yard.
23 Remnants in Dress and Skirt lengths at ONE-HALF the regular prices.

Col'd Dress Goods.

Where there has been fire there are ashes. "Remnants are the ashes of trade." We don't want them here—they are in the way—our methods make short work of them. All our short lengths of from 3 to 8 yards will be on a big bargain table Monday at ONE-THIRD the regular selling price.

Blue Serges, new arrivals, any quality you want
At \$1.00, 75c and 50c.

Black Goods.

At 25c 16 pieces all wool Serge, 36 inches wide, worth 50c.

At 39c 10 pieces all wool Henrietta, worth 75c.

At 50c 10 pieces 48-inch French Serge, never sold under 85c.
Just arrived—a big lot of Brilliantines, prices ranging from \$1.50 Down to 39c.

About 200 Remnants of all classes of Black Goods in lengths from 2 to 8 yards, will sell them At half price.

White Goods.

5,000 yards small checked Nain-sook and plain India Linens, worth 10c,
Monday at 5c.

5 pieces linen finished white Duck, came by Saturday's express,
At 15c.

400 yards very sheer India Linens, regular price 15c,
Monday at 10c yard.

Large lot of colored dotted Swisses reduced from 50c for
Monday to 19c yard.

Linens.

We know positively that we have the largest and best stock of Linens that has ever been shown in this city. From the amount of business we have done we are sure that we are right when we say that we can save you at least 20 per cent. Estimates for hotels, boarding houses and restaurants furnished.

25 pieces 66-inch half bleached Damask, worth 49c,
At 33c yard

10 pieces 68-inch Satin Damask, snow bleach, regular 90c grade,
At 61c yard

14 pieces 72-inch Double Satin Damask, worth fully \$1.25,
At 85c

115 doz. Damask Towels, 22x45, limit 1 dozen to each customer,
Special 12½c

75 doz. Huck Towels, all linen, 41x42, really 25c quality,
15c Each

179 doz. all linen Huck Towels, worth \$1.85—big chance for housekeepers,
At \$1.15 dozen

15,000 Dollies, pure white and white colored borders, full size,
At 5c each

100 Marseilles Pattern Spreads, sold at \$1.50,
Monday at 98c

73 genuine Marseilles Spreads, \$2.50 grade,
At \$1.49

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

3d Floor.
300 Ladies' Laundered Shirt Waists, reduced from 65c to

35c Each
125 Ladies' fine Laundered Shirt Waists, that were \$1.25 to \$2.50,
Choice now 75c each

69 Ladies' Early Fall Capes that will cost you \$3.75 when the season opens up,
Now at \$1.00 each

43 Ladies' Ready to Wear Suits, coats tight fitting and Eton styles, worth \$7.50, House-cleaning price,
\$3.90

27 Ladies' fine Serge ready made Suits, worth \$15.00, now at
\$7.50

47 Ladies' fine Seal Plush Capes, full 50 inch sweep, not old ones, but an early shipment of the fall stock, worth \$12.50, this week at
\$5.00 Each

Boys' Clothing.

This department is now located on third floor in Cloak room, and will be cleared out regardless of cost and value.

Boys' Suits that cost \$4.00 reduced now to
\$1.99

Boys' Suits that cost \$5.00, reduced now to
\$2.25

Youths' long Pant Cheviot Suits that are worth \$6.50, reduced now to
\$3.98

Only 150 Straw Hats left. We make a clean sweep this week. Choice of any, worth up to 50c, at
20c Each

Gents' Furnishings.

Gents' Teck Scarfs, good new patterns, to close at 39c, were 50c and 75c.

Gents' Extra heavy 4-ply 1900 Linen Cuffs, worth 30c,
At 15c pair

Gents' imported Scotch Gingham Negligee Shirts, first season price \$2.00,
Now \$1.00

Broken lot Men's Underwear
At 50c on the dollar

Hosiery.

Attention, Gentlemen! This is your opportunity to buy such bargains in Half Hose as you very rarely see.

117 dozen Gents' finest quality four-thread Lisle Sox, worth 40c to 60c, choice Monday
25c

165 dozen Gents' best Maco Cotton Half Hose, worth 25c to 40c, choice Monday
19c

45 dozen Ladies' very fine D. S. Lisle Hose, were 50c,
Now 33½c

250 doz. Misses' and Boys' fast black hose, double knee, heel and toe,
Reduced to 19c.

37 doz. Misses' extra long French ribbed Lisle Hose,
Reduced to 25c

125 pairs Ladies' black pure silk Hose,
Reduced to \$1.00

Corsets.

One lot of ladies' Corsets slightly shopworn and soiled, worth 50 to 75c; if your size is there it will be a bargain for you
At 39c

Muslin Underwear

A big counter will be filled Monday with Muslin Gowns, well made and nicely trimmed, well worth \$1,
At 69c

Gloves.

A new line of 4 button Pique Kid Gloves, worth \$1.25,
At 75c pair

2d Floor Bargains.

Short lengths of figured and striped Prints,
At 4c

Figured Melbra Lawns,
At 4 1-2c

Turkey Red Prints, figured,
At 4 1-2c

Dress Gingham, strip and plaid,
At 5c

Blue ground Sateens, both figured and striped,
At 7 1-2c

Windsor Batiste, new goods; patterns all new and can be seen nowhere but here,
At 10c

Bicuna Cloth, latest patterns, worth 15c,
At 10c yard

Brown Canton Flannel, worth 7½c,
At 4 1-2c

French Cambric, opened Saturday night, worth 15c,
At 12 1-2c

Shoes.

Although the price of leather has advanced we are overloaded on these lines and close them out this week at a loss rather than keep them until next Spring.

All our ladies' tan and black Oxfords that sold at \$1.50,
Reduced to \$1.00

All our ladies' black and tan Oxfords that sold at \$2.00, are now
Reduced to \$1.50

Infants Boots
At 35c pair

Children's spring heel button Shoes,
Now 50c

Ladies' button Boots, Vici kid, opera and square toes, worth \$2.00,
At \$1.50 pair

Ladies' button Boots, pointed, opera and square toes, all new, just opened this week, special leader,
At \$2.00 pair

Blankets

and Comforts.
(SECOND FLOOR.)

Our stock is three times larger than any in Atlanta. We can show you any size, quality or price Blanket or Comfort you could wish, and guarantee to save you money.

SHEET

MUSIC FREE.

MONDAY, from 10 to 11 o'clock, we will give away with compliments of the Dixie Mineral Water Co., 500 copies of Sheet Music and Popular Songs; some worth 25c.

Jewelry.

140 Trilby Hearts, with long aluminum chains, exposition souvenirs, worth \$1.50, at 50c.

Shirt Waist Sets, consisting of link buttons, collar button and a set of studs, choice of twenty kinds at 25c each.

Toilet Articles.

Hudnut's high-grade Perfumes at 45c ounce.

Garwood's Extracts, all odors, at 19c ounce.

Household Ammonia, large bottle, 5c.

Buttermilk Soap, box of three cakes, at 12c box.

1,000 boxes white Lilac Soap, the best cheap Toilet Soap ever shown in Atlanta, 3 cakes for 10c.

Turkish Bath Soap at 25c doz.

Good Note Paper in pound packages, worth 15c, at 10c pound. Envelopes to match at 5c package.

Crockery

Department.

The immense business done in our Basement demonstrates that we have practically no opposition. We have taken every contract we have given an estimate on and we have been told that our prices are from 10 to 35 per cent cheaper.

Buy your Exposition Furnishings before the rush.

100 dozen of those Calsbad China Plates, actually worth 15c, choice of four shapes that sold so rapidly last Monday, again tomorrow

15c each
50 dozen gold-band China Cups and Saucers, that cost to import 15c, 10c each.

10,000 doz. Jelly Tumblers, large size, at 35c dozen

25 German China Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, new decorations, price ought to be \$25, a bargain tomorrow (sample in Art Room No. 1) at \$16.50 set

50 Toilet Sets, 10 pieces, beautiful decorations, worth \$4, at \$2.50 set

Mason Quart Jars at 90c dozen

Wash Goods.

1,800 yards Princess Duck Suitings, worth 15c,

Special at 10c
608 yards fleece lined Piques, suitable for Wrappers, worth 10c.

Monday at 12½c
A few more patterns of those French Organdies at 19c.

Swivel Silks, worth 49c,
Special at 19c

Lot of remnants of Organdies, Dimities and Lawns at
Less than half price

Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Linoleums and Drapery Stuffs.

The great rush of people that has visited our Carpet Department for the past week is a satisfactory proof to us that we have the goods at the right prices. You cannot afford to miss seeing the good things we have for you in this Department.

50 rolls Axminster Carpets, all new and stylish things, regular \$1.35 kind,
This week \$1.00 a yard.

75 rolls Brussels Carpets, all new and desirable patterns at 50c, 60c and 70c a yard.

The best Ingrain Carpet in Atlanta, made and laid,
At 50c a yard.

30 rolls extra heavy Ingrain Carpet, made and laid
At 35c a yard.

35 rolls Hemp Carpets at 10c, 15c and 20c a yard.

45 large Japanese Rugs for center of room, size 9x12 feet, for three days only,
-\$11 each

64 Japanese Rugs for halls, vestibules, etc., size 6x9 feet,
Only \$6 each

200 regular Brussels Rugs with fringe, special value,
At \$1.00 each

325 reversible hearth Rugs, just the thing for the Exposition,
At 50c each

120 doz. Window Shades, plain with fringe or dado, worth 75c, price this week,
Only 50c each

150 doz. Exposition shades, on spring rollers here,
At 25c each

250 pair extra size and quality fine lace Curtains, regular \$3.00 kind for Monday,
\$1.50 pair

325 pairs of our leader Lace Curtains, 54 inch wide and 3½ yards long, worth \$2.00 anywhere, will sell this week,
At \$1.00 a pair

Mosquito Nets, put up,
Only \$1.50 each

Miller Bros

46-48-50 WHITEHALL

MONDAY MORNING WE WILL INAUGURATE A GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF Odds and Ends From Every Department.

We will not carry over one dollar's worth of Summer Merchandise, if a ridiculously low price will aid us to unload the same.

15 pieces Black Serge Dress Goods, 38 inches wide, guaranteed all wool,
Monday 25c yard.

Black Silk Warp Henrietta, 40 inches wide, others ask \$1.00,
Our Price Monday 50c yard.

15 pieces Black Brilliantine, new goods, rich luster, old price 38c,
Our price Monday 25c yard.

Plain Black Brilliantine, 50 inches wide, beautiful luster, others ask 85c for,
Monday 55c yard.

35c Swivel Silks, only a few pieces left, to close
Monday at 15c a yard.

All 6c, 8c and 10c Colored Lawns to close
Monday at 5c a yard.

A few pieces of assorted Plaids and Stripes in Black Lawns, worth 15c to 35c,
Our price Monday 15c.

1 case Colonial Batiste, worth easily 10c yard,
Monday 6c yard.

Palma Mills Bleached Domestic, best yard-wide goods, free from dressing,
Monday 5c yard.

10-4 Sheeting, excellent quality, same goods elsewhere 18c,
Our price, 11½c yard.

1 case Lonsdale finish Bleached Domestic, best yard-wide goods,
Monday only 6½c yard.

50 dozen Ladies' Shirt Waists, new patterns, new styles, arrived Saturday,
Monday 50c each.

Special—10 pieces figured Duck Suitings, worth 10c a yard,
this is a paralyzer, Monday only 5c yard.

20 pieces 4-4 Standard Percales, new patterns, worth 10c yard,
Monday 5c yard.

69-inch Bleached Table Damask, been selling for 39c,
Center Counter Monday 25c yard.

68-inch Half Bleached Damask, cheap at 60c yard,
Unmatchable at 39c yard.

40 dozen Figured Linen Towels, Huck and Damask, extra size,
12½c each.

12-4 White Quilts, Marseilles patterns, former price \$1.25,
For Monday's Unprecedented Sale 85c.

75 pieces Marseilles stripe White Lawn,
Center Counter 6½c yard.

50 pieces Cambric Shirting, figures and stripes, worth 5c yard,
Monday 3c yard.

1 case new Zephyr Gingham, popular price 12 1-2c,
Monday only 6½c yard.

35 dozen Ladies' Black Hermsdorf Hose, all sizes, others ask 25c pair,
Our price 19c pair.

Received Saturday, 50 dozen Gents' Hose, black and tan, seamless,
3 pairs for 25c.

A lot of Boys' Waists, slightly soiled, the 35c kind,
Monday at 15c each.

A lot of laundered Dress Shirts, too many of same size, the \$1 kind,
At 48c each.

65 dozen School Umbrellas, nice serge material, paragon frame,
Special price 59c.

Balance of all cotton Crepons on Center Counter,
At 3½c yard.

Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets, price everywhere \$1.25,
Our price 89c.

50 rolls Tapestry Brussels Carpets,
Put on sale Monday at 48c yard.

500 Window Shades with patent fixtures, in Carpet Department,
Monday at 14c each.

Extra size Chenille Curtains, fringe top and bottom, Dado, Carpet Department,
\$2.98 a pair.

All-wool Ingrain Carpets, price everywhere 60c,
Our price 45c yard.

Shoe Department.

500 pairs Children's Sandals,
Monday only 45c pair.

300 pairs Oxfords, black and tan,
Monday only 42c pair.

All tan Oxfords, \$2 and \$2.50 quality,
At \$1.49.

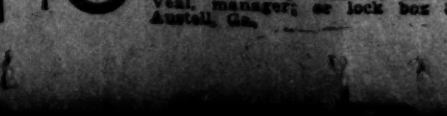
Men's Goodyear welt \$2.50 Lace and Congress,
At \$1.69.

200 pairs odds and ends, worth from \$2 to \$3, sizes 2 1-2 to 3,
Choice \$1.25.

Men's Kangaroo patent tip Bals,
\$2.50 line,
For \$1.69.

Children's and Misses' strapped Sandals, tan and black,
49c pair.

\$2 patent leather Sandals
For \$1.25.



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THE MADNESS OF Lord Harry Culverhouse.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.



(Copyright.)

"Seeing that my father Henry is dead and that I am king, seeing also that I am no longer a bachelor, but a married man (and here he bowed to Margaret of Tuscany, his newly wedded wife), and seeing that Osa is turned twenty years of age, why, we are all going to be sober folk at Streisau from this day forward, and we are going to play no more pranks. Here's a pledge of it!" And, having said this, King Rudolf the Third took a deep draught of wine.

At this moment the ushers announced that the Lord Harry Culverhouse had come to take his leave of their majesties and of the princess. This gentleman had accompanied the embassy that came from England to congratulate the king on his marriage, and he had staid some months in Streisau, very eagerly according to the king's invitation to prolong his visit. For such was his folly and headstrong passion that he had fallen most desperately in love with the fair face of Princess Osa and could not endure to live out of her presence. Yet now he came to bid farewell, and when he was unseated in Rudolf's presence, he was much gracious and made him a present of his own miniature set in diamonds, while the queen gave him her miniature set in the lid of a golden casket. In return Lord Harry prayed the king to accept a richly mounted sword and the queen an ivory fan, painted by the greatest artist of France, and bearing her image in jewels. Then he came to Princess Osa, and she, having hidden him farewell, said: "I am a poor maid, my lord, and I can give no great gift, but take this pin from my hair and keep it for my sake."

And she drew out a golden pin from her hair, a long and sharp pin, bearing for its head her image in brilliant, and she gave it to him, smiling.

But he, bowing low and then falling on his knee, offered her a box of red morocco leather, and when she opened it she saw a necklace of rubies of great splendor. The princess flushed red, seeing that the gift was most costly. And she would fain have refused it, and held it out again to Lord Harry. But he turned swiftly away, and bowing once more, withdrew. Then the princess said to her brother, "It is too costly."

The king, seeing how splendid the gift was, frowned a little, but then he said: "He must be a man of very great wealth. They are rich in England. I am sorry the gift is so great, but cannot refuse it, without wounding his honor."

So the princess set the ruby necklace with her other jewels and thought for a

THE KING STRUCK WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

day or two that Lord Harry was no wiser than other men and then forgot him. Now Lord Harry Culverhouse, on leaving the king's presence, had mounted his horse, which was a fine charger and splendidly equipped, and ridden alone out of Streisau, for he had dismissed all his servants and dispatched them with suitable gratuities to their own country. He rode through the afternoon, and in the evening he reached a village fifteen miles away; here he stopped at a cottage, and an old man came out and escorted him inside. A bundle lay on the table in the little parlor of the cottage.

Here are the clothes, my lord, said the old man, laying his hand on the bundle. "And here are mine," answered Lord Harry. "And the horse stands ready for you." With this he began to pull off the king's presence, had mounted his horse, which was a fine charger and splendidly equipped, and ridden alone out of Streisau, for he had dismissed all his servants and dispatched them with suitable gratuities to their own country. He rode through the afternoon, and in the evening he reached a village fifteen miles away; here he stopped at a cottage, and an old man came out and escorted him inside. A bundle lay on the table in the little parlor of the cottage.

Then Solomon, the Jew, gave him five crowns and bade him farewell, and he placed the crowns in his purse and walked out of the cottage, possessing nothing in the world, saving his old clothes, five crowns and the golden pin that had fastened the ruddy hair of Princess Osa. For everything else that he had possessed—his lands and his houses in England, his horses and carriages, his money, his clothes, and all that was his, he had bartered with Solomon the Jew, in order that he might buy the ruby necklace which he had given to Princess Osa. Such was the strange madness wrought in him by her face.

It was now late in the evening; and he walked to and fro all night. In the morning he went to the shop of a barber and in the afternoon he had his hair cropped and his long curls short and shaved off his mustache, and gave him a dye with which he stained his complexion to a darker tint; and he made

and soiled his hands and roughened the skin of them by chafing them on some flint which lay by the roadside. Then, changing a second crown, he bought a loaf of bread, and set off to trudge to the edge of the bluff saying: "The world will be safer if I fling you down."

Then she looked in his face, and a sudden pity entered her heart, and she said very gently: "Sit down, my lord, and let me put my hands on your brow, for I think you are in a fever."

And he sat down, all trembling and shaking, like a man with ague, and she stripped off her gauds and took his forehead between her hands, and she lay there quiet with his head between her hands. And presently his eyes closed and he slept. But Osa did not know what to do, for darkness had fallen and she dared not leave him alone there by the river. Therefore she sat where she was, and in an hour the night being fine and not cold, she grew weary, and her hands fell away from his forehead, and she sank back on the green turf, pillowing her head on a curved arm, and there she slept with the mad lord by her and the ruby necklace lying near them.

Culverhouse awoke and saw Princess Osa sleeping peacefully with a smile on her lips such as decks a child's lips in sleep. He rose and stood up on his feet, looking at her; and he heard nothing but the sound of the horses cropping the grass a little way off.

That evening there came to the quarters of the king's guard a waiting woman, who asked to see the trooper that had been sent guard at the west gate of the palace that day; and when he came she held out to him a box of red morocco leather, saying, "It is for you." But he answered, "It is not for me," and turning away, left her. And this happened on three evenings. Then, on the fourth day, it was again his turn to mount the guard at the palace, and when he had sat there on his horse for an hour, the Princess Osa rode out from under the portico; she rode alone and the ruby necklace was on her neck, and she said:

"I am going to ride outside the city by the river bank. Let a trooper follow me some way behind." And she signed with her hand to Lord Harry, and he rode after her and he carried the ruby necklace in his hand, and they turned along the banks of the river. When they had gone three or four miles from the city, Osa halted and beckoned the Lord Harry to approach her; and when she saw him, she said: "Speak to him and tell him that she knew him, a sudden and mad madness came on to him, and he seized her wrist and dug his finger deep into the king's hands, and both the horses bounded forward at a gallop, in alarm the princess cried out, but he did not heed her. Along the bank they galloped, and when they met any one, which happened seldom, for the place was remote and it was now evening, he bade her cover her face, and she obeyed, twisting her lace handkerchief over her face. Thus they rode till they came at nightfall to a bluff of rock high above the stream. Here Lord Harry suddenly checked the horses, flung himself from the saddle and bade the princess dismount. And she obeyed and stood facing him, pale with fear and apprehension, but with a proud and scornful air.

"Is it not well you should die? For you live to madden men and drive them to sin and folly."

"Nay," said she, "to men of good heart, beauty leads to goodness. From yourself come the sin and the folly, my lord, and she laid hold of the ruby necklace and broke the clasp of it, and flung it on the ground before him. But he took no heed of it, but seized her hand and drew her to the edge of the bluff saying:

"No; keep the pin—it is worth nothing," she smiled. "Is it safe for me to go to sleep for a little longer?"

"Who would harm you, madame? Even I have not harmed you."

"You said she with a little laugh. 'You would not harm me.' And she lay down and closed her eyes."

Then Lord Harry Culverhouse sat down on the ground and rested his chin on his knees and clasped his hands about his waist; and he cursed himself bitterly, not now because he meditated any harm to her—for his mad fury was past and he would have given her half of her heart should he hurt—but because of the evil that his wild and reckless madness had brought upon her. For he knew that soon there would be a pursuit and that if she and he were found in any case no hurt nor harm should befall the Princess Osa by reason of anything that he had done. Finally he commended his soul to God. And then he took the ruby necklace in his hand, holding it, walked to the edge of the bluff.

But at this instant the sound of the hoofs of a horse struck on his ear, and the sound of a hand and close, and he had no more time than to turn round before a horse was reined in suddenly before him, and a man leapt from it and ran at him and grasped with him. And the Lord Harry perceived that the man was the king. For when Osa did not return, search parties had been sent out, and the king himself headed one, and having the best horse and being urged on by love and fear for his sister, he had out-ridden all the rest and had chanced to come alone where Osa and Lord Harry were. And he gripped Lord Harry furiously, cursing him for a cowardly and demanding man who had done to the princess: then Lord Harry said:

"Do you not know me, sire? I am Lord Harry Culverhouse."

Greatly astonished the king looked his bold and fell back a pace, for he could not understand what he heard, but yet knew the voice of his friend. Then looking down, he beheld Osa sleeping peacefully on the turf, and he saw with her closely spread under her, that she might take no harm from the damp. And Lord Harry caught him by the arm, crying, "Are there others coming?"

"Aye," said the king, "many others. The whole of the guard are roused, and seek her high and low in the city and outside. But how came you here?"

The Lord Harry told the king what he had done, speaking very briefly and hastily, and yet sparing nothing; and when he told him how he had carried off the princess, the king drew a knife and motioned him with it, and I tell into a swoon, and knew no more until I awoke and found you here; and now I see my necklace is gone."

"Bring her horse," the king commanded, "and ride in front and behind. We will return to the city at the best speed we may."

Then he mounted the princess on her horse and rode by her side, supporting her with his arm, and the trooper went with him, still holding the necklace. And the princess felt the pin again in her hair and said: "He has given me back my pin."

"And ride in front and behind. We will return to the city at the best speed we may."

"He has given me back my pin."

"Of Lord Harry Culverhouse, is he indeed dead, Rudolf?"

"Are you still dreaming?" answered the king, with a laugh. "What had that fellow do with Harry Culverhouse?"

"But the pin?" she cried.

"My wife set it in your hair before you started, for she wished to replace the one you gave to Lord Harry."

"She did not touch my hair today," cried the princess.

"Aye, but she did," said he. The princess suddenly fell to sobbing and she said, "Tell me the truth, tell me the truth."

"No; keep the pin—it is worth nothing," she smiled. "Is it safe for me to go to sleep for a little longer?"

"Who would harm you, madame? Even I have not harmed you."

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"She did not touch my hair today," cried the princess.

"Aye, but she did," said he. The princess suddenly fell to sobbing and she said, "Tell me the truth, tell me the truth."

"No; keep the pin—it is worth nothing," she smiled. "Is it safe for me to go to sleep for a little longer?"

"Who would harm you, madame? Even I have not harmed you."

"You said she with a little laugh. 'You would not harm me.' And she lay down and closed her eyes."

Then Lord Harry Culverhouse sat down on the ground and rested his chin on his knees and clasped his hands about his waist; and he cursed himself bitterly, not now because he meditated any harm to her—for his mad fury was past and he would have given her half of her heart should he hurt—but because of the evil that his wild and reckless madness had brought upon her. For he knew that soon there would be a pursuit and that if she and he were found in any case no hurt nor harm should befall the Princess Osa by reason of anything that he had done. Finally he commended his soul to God. And then he took the ruby necklace in his hand, holding it, walked to the edge of the bluff.

But at this instant the sound of the hoofs of a horse struck on his ear, and the sound of a hand and close, and he had no more time than to turn round before a horse was reined in suddenly before him, and a man leapt from it and ran at him and grasped with him. And the Lord Harry perceived that the man was the king. For when Osa did not return, search parties had been sent out, and the king himself headed one, and having the best horse and being urged on by love and fear for his sister, he had out-ridden all the rest and had chanced to come alone where Osa and Lord Harry were. And he gripped Lord Harry furiously, cursing him for a cowardly and demanding man who had done to the princess: then Lord Harry said:

"Do you not know me, sire? I am Lord Harry Culverhouse."

Greatly astonished the king looked his bold and fell back a pace, for he could not understand what he heard, but yet knew the voice of his friend. Then looking down, he beheld Osa sleeping peacefully on the turf, and he saw with her closely spread under her, that she might take no harm from the damp. And Lord Harry caught him by the arm, crying, "Are there others coming?"

"Aye," said the king, "many others. The whole of the guard are roused, and seek her high and low in the city and outside. But how came you here?"

The Lord Harry told the king what he had done, speaking very briefly and hastily, and yet sparing nothing; and when he told him how he had carried off the princess, the king drew a knife and motioned him with it, and I tell into a swoon, and knew no more until I awoke and found you here; and now I see my necklace is gone."

"Bring her horse," the king commanded, "and ride in front and behind. We will return to the city at the best speed we may."

Then he mounted the princess on her horse and rode by her side, supporting her with his arm, and the trooper went with him, still holding the necklace. And the princess felt the pin again in her hair and said: "He has given me back my pin."

"And ride in front and behind. We will return to the city at the best speed we may."

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"Of Lord Harry Culverhouse, is he indeed dead, Rudolf?"

"Are you still dreaming?" answered the king, with a laugh. "What had that fellow do with Harry Culverhouse?"

"But the pin?" she cried.

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SOME "NEW" WOMEN OF THE RIGHT SORT.

And so Gibson's girl is not a Gibson girl after all.

After creating with his pencil a girl who stands as a type of American beauty, artist Charles Dana Gibson has chosen for his life's partner one who does not correspond to that type in the least. She is a beauty— you may depend upon it. This particular beauty is the sister of the artist's, Miss Irene Langhorne, of Richmond, and the formal announcement of the betrothal has been sent out from White Sulphur Springs, where both are spending the summer.

Miss Langhorne, as I have said, while a famous beauty, does not at all resemble the type which Mr. Gibson has used so much in his illustrations. She is described as being of medium height, dark hair, regular features, and with expressive eyes; and a friend here who knows her says that she possesses the most fascinating manner of any girl he knows. She has been for several seasons a noted belle in Virginia, and is one of the most attractive and most sought-after girls at the White. She has a number of friends here.

Of course everybody knows Gibson. Everybody who has read or looked at life knows his clever drawings. If he has a great deal of his good fellow found his way into the magazines. There is an individuality about it which is refreshing, and which shows we don't have to go abroad for our artists with us.

Mr. Gibson is a young man about twenty-seven years of age, and is a decided man about town in New York.

How a Southern Girl Smashed a Political Ring. The latest "new" woman is a brilliant daughter of the conservative old state of Mississippi, who during the exciting days of the past week when all eyes were centered upon the democratic state convention, was herself a central figure, and, with no intention whatever of a pun on her name, was a decided power. "New," you may call her by courtesy perhaps, but she is old in the sense of being womanly; and it was her womanly qualities which led her to enter into the whirlpool of politics, but was, instead, the sweetest of sentiments, a daughter's love for her father.

The story comes to me from Meridian, where one of the most exciting state conventions known to the democracy of that famous old state of chivalry has just come to an end. Almost every county in the state had a candidate and every candidate was on hand with his friends and active workers. Excitement ran high. Many distinguished men were there and the hall that resounded with the matchless eloquence of Prentiss, McClung, Lamar and Davis were crowded into lobbies where the politicians were at work. It was a convention notable in many respects, but most notable and unique was it from the fact that for the first time in the history of any southern state a woman took an active part in a political campaign. That woman is Miss Katherine Markham Power, of Jackson, who so successfully conducted the canvass of her father, J. L. Power, for secretary of state. Everybody is singing her praises and the most experienced politicians are telling of her work, describing it as being truly marvelous.

Miss Power is a young woman who has, by reason of her exceptional personal and mental gifts, been widely known since entering the state of young womanhood. The daughter of a father born in the Emerald Isle and a mother in whose veins flows the blood of the passionate south, Miss Power's qualities are, perhaps, "more mixed" than is usual in one from a single race. Tall, slender, dark, with "shining black crown" adorning a beautiful head splendidly poised and eyes of a marvelous depth of color, she is a typical specimen of southern womanhood, physically, mentally and socially.

As a girl Miss Power was a student of

bedside except to go to her study and with her younger sisters take up the pen in her father's defense in the canvass then at its height for state office. Power was a candidate for secretary of state. His illness, coming as it did in the midst of his canvass and before he had visited more than half a dozen counties, seemed to put an end to his chances, he having two young and very vigorous opponents.

The position of his daughter was difficult in the extreme. Grieved almost to distraction by the death of her father, she still kept her hand in the canvass, and for one hour did the work of flooding the state with circulars and personal letters. She had in this most able assistants in her brothers and two younger sisters, willing to execute her decision in the direction of the canvass.

At the most critical time in his illness certain complications arose in his own county by which it seemed that the county would be wrested from him for some political reasons.

Miss Power was for days helpless, her father's death being probable at any hour; but when, on Wednesday before the county election, she learned that her father had passed the crisis, she girl with a lion's courage in a tender woman's heart, kissed the brow of her father and with that kiss as a benison, started forth on her labor of love.

After traveling in a day one hundred miles by rail and road combined, visiting every one of the 15 delegates to the county convention at their homes, and returning late at night to the bedside of her father, she would spend several hours planning the next day's correspondence to be executed by her sisters. Once during the week of intense heat she covered its two miles in one day in a jumper. Her horse was dignified, her reception royal and every deference paid her by the men and women of the county. She would have fallen under the strains of travel, heat and work, this girl knew no fatigue, nor was ever heard to murmur. In less than five days she had visited every precinct in the county except four, and this failure was due to an unfavorable change in her father's condition requiring her presence near him. And putting it all she never let her father suspect that there was any fight in the county, putting her absence down to important business of her own, lest it increase his illness.

This piece of work is unparalleled in our southern country, and while Miss Power is, and always has been, avowedly opposed to female suffrage, I venture the assertion that if the men of Hinds county, Mississippi, could have their way they would never object to such "politics" as they heard from her.

Exceedingly womanly and gracious in appearance, this girl seems equally charming in her private life. She is a conversationalist, and has a way of her own. The genuine spirit of courtesy and kindness that is one of her chief attractions served her well in this work, and the fact that throughout her life she has been able to recognize true manhood, whether in jeans or broadcloth, and do it honor, was as good as a life's superficial training in the school of politics.

Her work did not cease in Hinds, but into every county she could reach she went, never heeding her own comfort, but getting up at all hours of night, riding on palace cars, in a palace, and in a little log cabin, she so filled the crew of a certain freight with admiration and sympathy that the conductor waited his train a few minutes to let her get on. She was in the various stations one day until the delegates could be talked to, thus adding her to cover five towns in one half day.

Her work as a canvasser ended, she sat the day of the convention in private office surrounded by the best and brainiest men of Mississippi, directing with a clear-

A Mississippi Woman's Brilliant Triumph--A Georgia Woman's Unique Business Mode.

stream of men flying back and forth made a scene of rare excitement. And at last, when, as I sat at the desk in my headquarters and heard flying feet rush down the stairs, I knew that the battle was over and that victory was mine. I thought I should die of suffocation; I could not get my breath. And then, singly, in couples, trios, dozens, scores and mobs, the men who had stood by me came to tell me the good news. And, ah, they told it gladly! Some strong men, some stout, and others, stronger, cried. Some knelt right there and thanked the divine Father for His aid; and at last, when I had proudly clasped every honest hand in all that throng, I started home to tell the news to my father and mother; and as I flew along with one of the grand young sons of Mississippi, who, forgetful of cares and troubles of his own, had stood close to my side and made a magnificent fight, full half a hundred men, besides ladies and children, followed me into this glad home, where the children in their joy had forgotten the bitter, toilsome weeks, and where my father, though still, I thank God, unconscious of the bitter fight on him, in his eyes as he reached out his arms to me that made the horrible month just passed change, all at once, into the happiest of my life."

Miss Power, who has made this valiant fight, was early appointed as one of the directors for the state of Mississippi for

the Atlanta Cotton States and International exposition, and, while she has had to employ most of her time otherwise, she has been working diligently throughout the state in the interest of the exposition. She is a woman of great energy and is confident that even now Mississippi and her women will come nobly to the front with a creditable exhibit.

Two Stories About a Clever Woman Artist. Mrs. A. B. McCloskie, the young American woman who has received such high honors in Paris, and is to make her home in Atlanta, is one of the most brilliant exceptions to the rule of impractical possessors of great gifts. She combines in her make-up the most thorough union of talent and surety, clear-headed business ability of any artist I have ever known.

She is a woman who has ever known the value of money, and she has written many a story to illustrate this characteristic of hers that I scarcely know where to begin. The funniest one, perhaps, is an incident in which she had to deal with a wealthy Hebrew.

As everybody knows, her husband and herself are portrait painters, who, if I may use the term, collaborate on the same painting. He is a Jew, and his wife is a man of enormous wealth and distinction in the society of San Francisco. When he came to make arrangements for his portrait, he was not satisfied with the artist's work, and he said, "I have heard," says the little artist, "that the Hebrew race has a sort of free masonry which makes each member acquainted with their business affairs throughout the world. I have heard that you are a member of this order. I am very sorry, but my price has risen since six months ago, when I named it to you." The gentleman raised his hands in holy horror and departed. After that, he was never seen again.

Some time after this another wealthy gentleman of the same religion came for a sitting. He accepted her price without the slightest objection, smiling as he did so. "Well, Mrs. McCloskie," he said, "I wrote to my friend Blank in San Francisco and asked him how much I could expect to pay. If the wife is dead, my friend replied, 'you may be able to expect to pay as much as you want.' So, I have decided to pay you as much as you want. I am very sorry, but my price has risen since six months ago, when I named it to you." The gentleman raised his hands in holy horror and departed. After that, he was never seen again.

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the elbows are bare. The neck is cut round, and revealing the beauty's dimpled shoulders and the soft, birdlike grace of her throat. The soft roseate gown brings out the rose pink of her cheeks, the beauty of her dark eyes and the bold, round tones of her wavy hair. It is a picture that will well do for a foil to that of the other woman. In her, the ivory white dress, the background dull, indescribable blue, the eyes, too, blue and gray, and inscrutable—one eye laughing, the other suggesting sadness; the whole picture, done, as it were, in minor chords, in soft little thrush-like melody. Mystical, merry and pathetic all in one. This is a picture to dream of and wonder; suggestive like an oriental ornament, of infinite depth of color and beauty. I would like to see it at the salon. Frenchmen paint such pictures, dreaming them out of their

imagination, for such subjects are seldom found in real life.

Making New Women of the Right Sort.

The Georgia Normal and Industrial college has just sent out its fourth annual announcement and catalogue, in which is contained an interesting summary of the institution, its furnishings, departments, and purposes. This college is the most practical and splendid institution of the south, and, indeed, with the exception of the Mississippi college on the same line, is the only southern institution of the kind. The college during its four years has accomplished wonders. With each year its aims have broadened, its facilities increased. I feel, however, that the half of its future greatness cannot be foretold. It is a mission of such sincere purpose, it is the best amateur actress Atlanta ever produced. Her cleverness is of that well-rounded sort that has no rough edges. She does everything well, she undertakes personally, as I said, she is handsome, rather tall, her figure is fine and commanding. In her coloring, rosy cheeks, her intense blue eyes, her dark hair, she reminds one of a Russian woman. Mrs. Barnes is on the committee for the Creole kitchen and has done splendid work for that committee, having secured a great many donations in money and materials, and given personal help that cannot be estimated.

Putting to Good Use God-Given Talent.

Rev. Robert Toombs DuBois is waking up the city of Jacksonville to the importance of Sunday liquor laws. He preached a brilliant and eloquent sermon on the subject recently in Jacksonville. So great was his influence through this sermon and through personal work and appeals that the barrooms have been closed on Sundays in consequence.

One can seldom think of a good man without thinking in some way of a good woman. The story of this young minister's life, his troubles and his great success in the calling which he chose carries with it to those who know him and his family, but one regret—it is that his noble old grandfather, who he could not live to know he had made the ministry his chosen profession.

Mrs. DuBois is, as everybody knows, the granddaughter of General and Mrs. Robert Toombs. Mrs. Toombs was a very religious woman, devoted to her church, its duties and charities, and it was the desire of her heart that one of her grandsons should become a minister. She died, however, before this wish was realized.

Those who have had the pleasure of hearing these sermons of Rev. Robert T. DuBois recently in Jacksonville, have developed to a wonderful degree that eloquence of speech, that magnetism and force, which made his grandfather one of the foremost statesmen of his day.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

SOME OF THE WORK THE WOMEN ARE DOING.

These are busy days with the women's board of the exposition. The practical completion of the woman's building brings the movement to the point where all energies will now be bent toward hurrying on the exhibits and getting ready for the opening. The social side of the movement is not forgotten in the hurry of preparation of the more practical side, and plans for entertaining during the time of the exposition have been perfected. This important branch of the work is in the hands of the entertainment committee, of which Mrs. Clarence Knowles is the efficient chairman. The plan of giving series of "at homes" by the ladies of the card, two each week, has been outlined in these interesting volumes. Let the completed programme for these and we sent it to the board. It is as follows:

Mrs. Clarence Knowles, at home, Tuesday, October 1st.
Mrs. Aaron Burr Steele, at home, Friday, October 5th.
Mrs. Edward Tyler, at home, Tuesday, October 9th.
Mrs. Aaron Burr Steele, at home, Friday, October 13th.
Mrs. William Green Raul, at home, Tuesday, October 17th.
Mrs. William Dickinson, at home, Friday, October 19th.
Mrs. Lawson Peel, at home, Saturday, October 20th.
Mrs. Hugh Hagin, at home, Tuesday, October 23rd.
Mrs. Edward Cunningham Peters, at home, Friday, October 26th.
Mrs. William Daniel Grant, at home, Monday, October 29th.
Mrs. Albert Cox, at home, Wednesday, October 30th.
Mrs. William A. Hemphill, at home, Thursday, October 31st.
Mrs. Charles Howell, at home, Friday, November 1st.
Mrs. Samuel Martin Inman, at home, Monday, November 11th.
Mrs. William Daniel Grant, at home, Tuesday, November 12th.
Mrs. George Traylor, at home, Thursday, November 14th.
Mrs. Porter King, at home, Saturday, November 16th.

The Carolina will send beautiful and representative collections, and Mrs. Moses Wadley, of Augusta, will send a number of curios from China. Mrs. Frank Weldon has secured a most attractive exhibit of engravings and photographs from Egypt and Syria. There will be scarabs, sacred bugs of ancient Egypt, taken from

accused of false pride and indolence in the midst of her poverty.

Two Atlanta Women of Interesting Personality.

The picture of Mrs. Porter King, which graces this page today, is one in which all my readers will take a great interest. Mrs. King is not only prominent through her interesting personality and as one of the board of women managers, but through her husband's position as mayor of the city. She will, of course, be a prominent figure in all social affairs this season. She has always been popular in Atlanta society, and her husband is fortunate in having a wife so handsome to share with him the honors of his office. She is tall, with soft dark hair and eyes; her complexion is fair and clear, her features fine and expressive. She is cultured and charming in every way.

GIBSON AND "HIS GIRLS."

Of course, there will be many other entertainments, both at the clubs and at the homes of the people of Atlanta. This will be unquestionably the gayest winter which Atlanta has ever known and certainly from the list of entertainments here outlined those who visit Atlanta under the right auspices are bound to learn what true southern hospitality means.

Mrs. Porter King, as chairman of the library committee, has confined her extensive exhibit entirely to the work of women, and the decorative and literary departments alike display only the genius and attainments of women. The library will be in charge of Miss Clara Byers, graduate of the Columbus, O., college, and a woman educated in library work. She will shortly commence the catalogue and classification of the library according to the latest methods. The library will contain not only specimen work of the gifted American women, but there are books and translations done by women of almost every civilized country. Miss Northern has been most successful in her collection of books—written by English women or the women of Great Britain—and already has 260 volumes, while her collection of American authors and writers numbers over 100 books. She has received the greatest assistance in her efforts from the Columbian Book Company, of this city. Seventy of the books by English authors have been donated by various publishers as a nucleus for a permanent library to be established by the library committee. For this purpose, thirty-nine volumes have been donated by the William L. Allison Company, while similar generosity has been shown by the publishers of Frederick Warne & Co. of New York; J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia; J. Masters & Co., London, England; George Routledge & Son, New York, and Dulau & Co., of London, England. In this collection may be found the writings of such famous women as George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Bronte, Jane Porter, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Hemans, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Oliver Shreiner, Charlotte Yonge, John Addy Hoopes, Max Gray, John Sturge Winter, Francis Ridley Havergal, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Henry Wood, Juliana Horatia Ewing, Jane Austen and numbers of others. Miss Scuford has secured a number of beautiful books written by scholarly

She is chairman of the library committee of the woman's department, and has done valuable work in securing the productions of famous women of letters. Mrs. Edward H. Barnes is one of the many women who have done valuable work in the woman's department. She is an artist, she writes well, and is decidedly the best amateur actress Atlanta ever produced. Her cleverness is of that well-rounded sort that has no rough edges. She does everything well, she undertakes personally, as I said, she is handsome, rather tall, her figure is fine and commanding. In her coloring, rosy cheeks, her intense blue eyes, her dark hair, she reminds one of a Russian woman. Mrs. Barnes is on the committee for the Creole kitchen and has done splendid work for that committee, having secured a great many donations in money and materials, and given personal help that cannot be estimated.

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Those who have had the pleasure of hearing these sermons of Rev. Robert T. DuBois recently in Jacksonville, have developed to a wonderful degree that eloquence of speech, that magnetism and force, which made his grandfather one of the foremost statesmen of his day.

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Mrs. Samuel Martin Inman, at home, Monday, November 18th.
Mrs. Albert Thornton, at home, Thursday, November 21st.
Mrs. Samuel Martin Inman, at home, Monday, November 25th.
Mrs. Albert Thornton, at home, Thursday, November 28th.
Mrs. William Green Raul, at home, Friday, December 6th.
Mrs. William H. Inman, at home, Tuesday, December 10th.
Mrs. William Dickinson, at home, Friday, December 13th.
Mrs. William A. Hemphill, at home, Friday, December 13th.
Mrs. Porter King, at home, Tuesday, December 17th.
Mrs. William Dickinson, at home, Friday, December 19th.
Mrs. Knowles's committee consists of the following ladies:
Mrs. Clarence Knowles, chairman; Mrs. Henry Grady, Mrs. A. W. Calhoun, Mrs. A. B. Steele, Mrs. C. K. Nelson, Mrs. W. T. Newman, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. H. B. Toombs, Mrs. Clara Howell, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. H. M. Atkinson, Mrs. E. C. Peters, Mrs. W. H. Inman, Mrs. E. L. Tyler, Mrs. W. H. Parsons, Mrs. Robert Lowry, Mrs. B. W. Wrenn, Mrs. St. John Baverel, Mrs. Pannie Iveson, Mrs. George Traylor, Mrs. J. K. Ohi, Mrs. C. A. Collier, Mrs. W. G. Raul, Mrs. Albert Thornton, Mrs. Hugh Hagin, Mrs. Albert Cox.

Of course, there will be many other entertainments, both at the clubs and at the homes of the people of Atlanta. This will be unquestionably the gayest winter which Atlanta has ever known and certainly from the list of entertainments here outlined those who visit Atlanta under the right auspices are bound to learn what true southern hospitality means.

Mrs. Porter King, as chairman of the library committee, has confined her extensive exhibit entirely to the work of women, and the decorative and literary departments alike display only the genius and attainments of women. The library will be in charge of Miss Clara Byers, graduate of the Columbus, O., college, and a woman educated in library work. She will shortly commence the catalogue and classification of the library according to the latest methods. The library will contain not only specimen work of the gifted American women, but there are books and translations done by women of almost every civilized country. Miss Northern has been most successful in her collection of books—written by English women or the women of Great Britain—and already has 260 volumes, while her collection of American authors and writers numbers over 100 books. She has received the greatest assistance in her efforts from the Columbian Book Company, of this city. Seventy of the books by English authors have been donated by various publishers as a nucleus for a permanent library to be established by the library committee. For this purpose, thirty-nine volumes have been donated by the William L. Allison Company, while similar generosity has been shown by the publishers of Frederick Warne & Co. of New York; J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia; J. Masters & Co., London, England; George Routledge & Son, New York, and Dulau & Co., of London, England. In this collection may be found the writings of such famous women as George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Bronte, Jane Porter, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Hemans, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Oliver Shreiner, Charlotte Yonge, John Addy Hoopes, Max Gray, John Sturge Winter, Francis Ridley Havergal, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Henry Wood, Juliana Horatia Ewing, Jane Austen and numbers of others. Miss Scuford has secured a number of beautiful books written by scholarly

She is chairman of the library committee of the woman's department, and has done valuable work in securing the productions of famous women of letters. Mrs. Edward H. Barnes is one of the many women who have done valuable work in the woman's department. She is an artist, she writes well, and is decidedly the best amateur actress Atlanta ever produced. Her cleverness is of that well-rounded sort that has no rough edges. She does everything well, she undertakes personally, as I said, she is handsome, rather tall, her figure is fine and commanding. In her coloring, rosy cheeks, her intense blue eyes, her dark hair, she reminds one of a Russian woman. Mrs. Barnes is on the committee for the Creole kitchen and has done splendid work for that committee, having secured a great many donations in money and materials, and given personal help that cannot be estimated.

Putting to Good Use God-Given Talent.

Rev. Robert Toombs DuBois is waking up the city of Jacksonville to the importance of Sunday liquor laws. He preached a brilliant and eloquent sermon on the subject recently in Jacksonville. So great was his influence through this sermon and through personal work and appeals that the barrooms have been closed on Sundays in consequence.

One can seldom think of a good man without thinking in some way of a good woman. The story of this young minister's life, his troubles and his great success in the calling which he chose carries with it to those who know him and his family, but one regret—it is that his noble old grandfather, who he could not live to know he had made the ministry his chosen profession.

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themselves 3,000 years old, and loaned from the collection of Pasha Maher, the representative of the khedive on the royal lands commission. Interesting publications from Cairo and Alexandria, and copies of the only English newspaper published in Egypt will be seen in this same collection. Mrs. Weldon has been in communication with United States Consul Gibson, in Syria, regarding an exhibit of the work of Syrian women, but the recent attack in that country on American teachers and missionaries has determined the consul in the interior of the country, and has rendered recent information indefinite.

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Mrs. A. L. Korwin-Pogorsky, of The Russian Cottage Industry, in New York, has secured representative Russian work for the decorative department. Among the specimens being paintings by Mme. Bosh, also a number of interesting books written by Russian women. Mrs. Potter, of Augusta, Ga., will send beautiful casts for library decorations. The Baptist Publication Committee has donated a number of interesting volumes that are conspicuous among the many other donations from the leading publishing houses of the country.

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

The marriage of Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight and Miss Edith Nelson will occur at the residence of the bride's father, on the Boulevard, on the evening of the 4th of September. Eight o'clock is the hour fixed for the ceremony, which will be performed by Rev. Dr. Atkinson, of the Central Congregational church, in the presence of the members of the immediate families. The ceremony will be held at 10 o'clock, a reception will be held.

This marriage is one which will greatly interest the friends of the young people throughout the south. Miss Nelson is the daughter of Mr. L. B. Nelson, one of Atlanta's leading citizens, and is a very charming and attractive young woman, who has had every educational advantage, and who is one of the most lovable young women in Atlanta society. After graduating from the Girls' High school here, her education was completed at one of the notable institutions in the north. Mr. Knight has an enviable reputation both as a writer and orator. He is one of the coming young men of Georgia. He comes from brilliant southern stock, on his mother's side being related to the Lamars and on his father's side to the first governor of Georgia after she became a free and independent state, Governor George Walton. Mr. Knight is the son of the late George Walton Knight. He has for several years been a member of The Constitution staff; is an honor graduate of the University of Georgia, is held in the highest esteem by all who know him, and is one of the most popular young men in the state.

Miss Marion May is at Chautauque, N. Y., the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Flood. Mr. Flood, who is editor and one of the proprietors of The Chautauque and of The Assembly Herald, has a beautiful summer home at this popular resort. Governor and Mrs. McKelvie, of Ohio, will be among the guests during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Nichols are home through the south. Miss Nelson is the daughter of Mr. L. B. Nelson, one of Atlanta's leading citizens, and is a very charming and attractive young woman, who has had every educational advantage, and who is one of the most lovable young women in Atlanta society. After graduating from the Girls' High school here, her education was completed at one of the notable institutions in the north. Mr. Knight has an enviable reputation both as a writer and orator. He is one of the coming young men of Georgia. He comes from brilliant southern stock, on his mother's side being related to the Lamars and on his father's side to the first governor of Georgia after she became a free and independent state, Governor George Walton. Mr. Knight is the son of the late George Walton Knight. He has for several years been a member of The Constitution staff; is an honor graduate of the University of Georgia, is held in the highest esteem by all who know him, and is one of the most popular young men in the state.

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JUST A MONTH OFF

Thirty Days from Today the Exposition Gates Will Open.

THE GROUNDS WILL BE IN READINESS

There is Yet Much Work To Do, but It Is Being Pushed Rapidly and Will Be Completed in Time.

One month from today is the date set for the opening of the Cotton States and International exposition.

Several of the buildings are yet unfinished, and added to this the heavy rains of the past week have caused serious setbacks that at such a time press the disappointment of the realization of the hopes of the promoters.

But none of the exposition directors feel the slightest fear that the show will not be ready in time for the opening.

All day yesterday the rain fell in torrents with the exception of a few hours in the morning, and in the afternoon work on the grounds was practically suspended and the workmen stood around the buildings in knots waiting for the rain to cease in order that they could repair the damage done in the past two days.

In the extreme southwestern part of the grounds the inroads of the water are most apparent. The ground is a sea of mud and the trestle work of the railroad is almost suspended in midair.

Over on the Midway there is desolation and solitude, as many of the buildings are not yet under roof, and the workmen cannot pursue their work much pouring rains as the past few days have furnished.

The ties of the Consolidated are unprotected and great fissures yawn beside the tracks, much to the annoyance of passengers and those who get off at the grounds. There is no use filling up these cavities, as they are no sooner filled than a heavy rainfall washes them out as bad as before.

As soon as the weather permits, Superintendent Donaldson, of the convict camp will put his men to work hauling dirt to fill in these places and they will return to their former evenness.

It is to be hoped that tomorrow will bring sunshine and the work may be allowed to proceed with all possible dispatch in order that the delay caused during the past week may be remedied to some extent, and the various buildings completed for the reception of the exhibits.

There was no serious damage done to the terraces and the grounds other than what was reported in The Constitution of yesterday, but the roads are in terrible condition, the mud being fully twelve inches deep, which caused much trouble in the matter of hauling in the material to the various buildings in course of erection.

The Atlanta and West Point railroad has finally decided to build a pavilion for its exhibits on the grounds. It will be placed in the space between the southwest corner of the manufacturing buildings and the north end of the plaza, and will be of an artistic design. Work will be commenced as soon as the weather permits.

The building for the state of Illinois will be started as soon as the weather will permit, as will also the building for the exhibit of Costa Rica.

Mr. G. W. Peters, of the staff of Harper's Weekly, has been out on the grounds for several days, making a sketch of the buildings and the grounds. An illustrated edition of the exposition buildings and grounds will appear in the periodical early in September.

One of the most attractive buildings on the grounds is the one of the Southern railway. It is near the terminal of that road in the exposition grounds, and while small, is a type of architecture that commands the attention of every one who is graceful and dome and staff work artistically placed around the entire building.

The official stamp of the road, the letters S. R., crossed in the center by an arrow, is deftly worked in suitable positions around its front in the cornice and figures supporting the columns of the doorway make an effect artistic and effective.

Notwithstanding the heavy rains work has been started at the '49 camp, and the superintendent, Mr. Love, is busily engaged getting everything in readiness, such as clearing the space and making the street in which will be placed the two hotels, "Root Hog or Die" and "Rest for the Weary," and the various stores, gambling houses, dance houses and other early types of the days of the gold fever.

SOUTH AMERICA COMING.

General Avery Says That the People South of Us Will Be Here.

General L. W. Avery returned yesterday from Savannah, where he has been for several days completing arrangements which will be most beneficial to the exposition.

"I have been busy for some time," said he, "in arranging matters so that the people in Central America could have proper inducements held out to them to come to the exposition. You understand it was a long and expensive trip, and unless some inducements were held out it would be impossible for many of them to come."

Two very important points. One is for low rates and the other, and in many respects the most important, is for landing passengers at Savannah. They have now arranged that parties of twenty will be landed at Savannah instead of being carried on to New York. I mean that where there are on board excursionists to the number of twenty or more the steamer will put them at Savannah, going out of the regular course.

This, you will see, is a saving approximately of between \$3.00 and \$3.50 miles for the passenger. You see it saves the time and the money to New York by water then that from New York to Atlanta and return by rail and the distance from New York to Savannah by water on the return.

You think there will be much of an attendance from those countries? "I think there will be quite a large attendance from Venezuela, particularly from Venezuela. The people there are very anxious to maintain the friendliest possible relations with the people of our country and to keep alive the Monroe doctrine spirit which is so valuable to those small countries. They New Holland in sympathy with the efforts to bring all the Americas into closer touch, and I believe that they will give practical evidence of this by coming to the exposition."

City or county officials desiring to put before the public the points of interest of their respective localities, especially during the exposition, should correspond with the Southern States Publishing Company, of Atlanta, Ga., for a copy of the book.

This book will be the Souvenir Art Book of the exposition, and will be a valued one to all who visit the exposition and are interested in the south. Each state of the Union will have a section in it, and the advantages and beauties of their respective localities will be graphically described and beautifully illustrated.

As the welfare and progress of a country is dependent upon its people, it is not to be complete without the faces and biographical sketches of its leading men and women of their respective states. Handsome half-tone engravings, 3x3 inches in size, of them are made from photographs, and will lend interest to the book.

The book will be about 11x14 inches in size, profusely illustrated, and will contain about five hundred pages, printed and bound in the highest style of the publisher's art. No expense or care will be spared in making "The Cotton States and International Exposition and South, Illustrated," the finest souvenir art work ever published.

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Buy Your Blankets Now.

1870 pairs 10-4 Blankets in white, gray and drab, pair 49c.
 2100 pairs 10-4 all wool Blankets, 5 pounds, full size, pair \$1.48.
 2340 pairs 10-4 all wool Blankets, 5 1-2 pounds, full size, pair \$1.98.
 1420 pairs 11-4 all wool Blankets, 6 pounds, full size, pair \$2.48.
 1040 pairs 10-4 California all wool Blankets, pair \$2.98.
 430 pairs 11-4 California all wool Blankets, pair \$3.48.
 180 pairs 12-4 California all wool, 6 pound Blankets \$4.48.

We tell you frankly that we can't replace these Blankets at the prices we ask you. It is to your interest to buy them now.

Counterpanes, Counterpanes.

\$1.25 full 11-4 Counterpanes, not many left, at 49c.
 \$1.50 full 11-4 Counterpanes, Marseilles patterns, now 75c.
 \$2.00 full 12-4 Counterpanes, extra large and heavy, only 98c.
 \$2.50 full 12-4 Counterpanes, very large and fine, now \$1.25.
 \$3.00 full 12-4 Counterpanes, beautiful designs, only \$1.48.

Buy these goods now if you need them and you will make money.

The Ladies' Bazaar.

New Black Dress Goods.

50c 36-inch all wool Henriettas, grand values, half price, 25c.
 60c 38-inch fine figured Sicillians, new fall styles, price 35c.
 75c 40-inch all wool Serge, heavy weight, extra value, 39c.
 \$1.00 50-inch extra heavy Imperial Serge, fine all wool, 49c.
 \$1.00 very fine and new Boucle Sicillians, great value, 49c.
 \$1.00 48-inch silk finished Henriettas, fine quality, only 49c.
 \$1.25 48-inch fancy Biarritz Cloth, fine styles, now 59c.
 \$1.25 48-inch extra fine silk finished Henriettas only 69c.
 \$1.25 48-inch fancy Sicillians, new fall goods, now 59c.
 \$1.50 48-inch Brocade Sicillians—see these sure—69c.

Wash Dress Goods==Cheap.

We intend to get rid of every yard of Wash Dress Goods in next 10 days. We must have the room. Come and see the prices and you can't help buying them.

Special! Special! Special!

Last Thursday we scooped at auction over 5,000 yards very fine Cambric Embroideries. We divide them in two lots and place them on sale Monday morning—first lot, choice 5c; second lot, choice 10c, worth much more.

Every one should visit us next week, and if you are short of cash pay one-fourth of the amount and secure the goods at prices you will never be able to duplicate. Remember we buy and sell for cash, and cash only, and guarantee to save you money on every article you purchase.

The Ladies' Bazaar.

WHERE THEY GO.

The Popular Resorts Where Atlantians Spend Their Vacations.

MANY GO OUT OF TOWN FOR SUNDAY

Lithia, Indian Spring, Lookout, St. Simon's, Tybee, Cumberland and Other Pleasure Resorts.

Of recent years the habit of spending Sunday out of town has become general among Atlantians. The trains that leave the union station Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning are always crowded with people bound for some quiet resort to spend a pleasant, restful Sunday.

There are a great many of these places in easy reach of Atlanta and convenient of access. There are a half dozen on every road that leads out of the city and many of them are close enough in to make the length of the journey no objection. Some Atlantians do not object to distance, however, and go to Lookout, Cumberland, Tybee or St. Simon's for a day's outing with as little difficulty as they would experience in running up to Lithia Springs.

There has not been a Sunday since the summer begun, in fact, that Atlanta has not sent delegations to all of these places. The fascination and inducement to the travelers. The traveler who leaves Atlanta Saturday night is landed at either place early the following morning. An entire Sunday is then given to the resort and the return trip may be made Sunday night, and railroad travel for the passengers. You see it saves the time and the money to New York by water then that from New York to Atlanta and return by rail and the distance from New York to Savannah by water on the return.

You think there will be much of an attendance from those countries? "I think there will be quite a large attendance from Venezuela, particularly from Venezuela. The people there are very anxious to maintain the friendliest possible relations with the people of our country and to keep alive the Monroe doctrine spirit which is so valuable to those small countries. They New Holland in sympathy with the efforts to bring all the Americas into closer touch, and I believe that they will give practical evidence of this by coming to the exposition."

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In 30 Days' Time

The gates of the great Exposition will open. You haven't long to make your preparations. If you are ready and have the cash we will save you big money. Domestic and Cotton Goods of every kind have steadily advanced in price during the past month, but our early large purchases enable us to sell you cheaper than any merchant can buy today from the manufacturers' agents. Our stock on hand is enormous and we can furnish you all you wish without any delay. Now, if you have got goods in our line to buy and you want your money to do the right kind of work come at once to

The Ladies' Bazaar. E. M. BASS & CO. 37 Whitehall Street

Linings and Findings.

Best Skirt Cambrics made 3 1-2c.
 Gilbert's best Silesias, special, 9c.
 Gilbert's best Peralines, special, 9c.
 Best patent Hook and Eyes 5c.
 8, 9, 10 and 12-inch best Bones 5c.
 4 yards best Velveteen Bindings 8c.
 Best barred Crinolines now 7c.
 Best Linen Canvas only 15c.
 Good quality Hair Cloth 10c.
 Best Linen Grass Cloth 9c.

Umbrellas.

\$1.50 Gloria Umbrellas, neat handles, 59c.
 \$2 Gloria Serge Umbrellas 98c.
 \$4 fine Silk Umbrellas \$1.50.
 \$2.50 white Parasols, to close, 98c.

SPECIAL IN NOTIONS.

Mosquito Netting 29c bolt. Lead Pencils 5c dozen. Pins 1c paper. Hairpins 1c paper. Outing Nets 8c. Basting Cotton 1c spool. Linen Thread 2c spool. Side Combs 5c pair. Curling Irons 5c. Japanese Fans 5c. Corset Steels 5c.

SILKS. SILKS. SILKS. SILKS.

Silks from 10c yard up. They go at any price to close out. See them and we will make the price to suit you.

Domestics.

Good yard wide Sheetings 4 7-8c.
 Good yard wide Bleachings 4 7-8c.
 10-4 unbleached Sheetings 11 3-4c.
 10-4 bleached Sheetings 11 3-4c.
 This Sheetings is as good as Peppereil.
 Good Mattress Tickings 6 3-4c.
 A. C. A. best Tickings made 12 1-2c.
 15c best quality Silklines 9c.
 42-inch Scrims, this sale, 5c.
 25c fine Scrims, special, 10c.

Hosiery.

Children's and Misses' fast black Hose 5c.
 Ladies' drop stitch Tan Hose 10c.
 Ladies' full regular made Hose 10c.
 Ladies' silk finished drop stitch Hose 10c.

Table Damask, Towels and Napkins.

39c 3-4 bleached German all linen table Damask 19c.
 35c Turkey oil red Damask, 60 inches wide, 5 styles, 19c.
 50c Cream German all linen Damask, worth 50c, now 29c.
 59c full bleached all linen Damask, worth 59c, only 35c.
 69c Cream all linen German Damask, 66 inches wide, 39c.
 75c full bleached, all linen Damask, worth 75c, now 49c.
 \$1.00 extra full bleached, all linen Damask, 66 inches wide, 69c.
 \$1.25 full bleached German satin Damask, extra wide, 75c.
 \$1.50 very fine double face German satin Damask now 98c.
 120 dozen full size, 30x15 inch Towels, worth 15c, only 4c.
 25c all linen Huck Towels, 38x17 inches, a bargain, 10c.
 29c all linen Huck Towels, 37x18 inches, a plum, 15c.
 39c all linen Damask Towels, 41x19 inches, see them, 19c.
 39c all linen Huck Towels, 40x19 inches, worth 39c, now 19c.
 39c all linen Huck Hemstitched, 38x18 inches, worth 39c, only 19c.
 40c extra large and heavy Huck all linen Towels, 44x24 inches, 19c.
 250 dozen fringed Napkins, as a leader per dozen 19c.
 50c dozen fringed Napkins, good value, at 50c, now 29c.
 69c dozen fringed Napkins, worth 69c everywhere, 39c.
 75c dozen full bleached all linen Napkins, now 49c.
 \$1.25 dozen bleached all linen Napkins, special 75c.
 \$1.50 dozen very fine all pure linen, full bleached Napkins 98c.
 SPECIAL—\$2.50 all linen Table Cloths, 2 1-2x2 yards, for 98c.

SHOES. SHOES. SHOES.

You need Shoes. We have a large stock and only 12 days left to close them out. On September 1st our large stock of Cloaks and Suits will begin to arrive and we must have the room for our Cloak Parlor, so come and buy your Shoes for the present and for the coming winter and make your dollar do the work of two.

Comfortables. Comfortables.

We have just received 23 bales of sample Comforts bought at half the regular price. We place them on sale Monday at figures that all will grab them. The cheapest is 39c, and they run up to \$3.98. Many very fine ones in this lot. You will need them later. Secure them now while you can get them at the price.

TELEPHONES! TELEPHONES!

The following subscribers have been connected with the Atlanta Telephone Exchange since last publication:

Subscribers are requested to cut out and insert these names in the present Directory of Subscribers for reference until our next monthly exchange list is published.

759 Atlanta Engraving Co.
 817 Ardis, P. L. Wood and Coal
 870 Broyles, Arnold Residence
 289 Bloodworth Shoe Co, The
 444 Calverly, C. E. Commission Merchant
 722 Capital City Stables.
 1013 Collins, Katharine R. Physician
 594 Chamberlin, E. P. Residence
 1182 Elliott, W. M. Residence
 761 Fambro, T. J. Furniture
 451 Glenn, J. H. Groceries
 255 Gridiron Restaurant.
 1018 Galloway Coal Co. Coal and Wood
 928 Howland, Mrs. S. D. Residence
 1191 Hudson, W. H. Residence
 208 Jackson Nelson & Co. Horseshoeing
 1489 Michaux & Bragard... Whol. Wines & Liquors
 354 Plane, W. F., Mgr. Coal and Wood
 637 Palmer, Dr. S. B. Residence
 433 Pool & Bro., W. M. Groceries, Coal and Wood
 1124 Preiss & Co., Harry. Wood and Coal
 1545 Powell, Dr. W. A. Residence
 1554 Reese, H. O. Groceries
 1936 Slocumb Bros. Coal and Wood
 574 Standard Lumber Co.
 817 Slater, Arthur. Drugs
 1174 Smith, Dr. W. A. Residence
 1463 Southern Powder Co.
 182 Smith, Alex W. Pub. Comfort Department
 1474 Stephens Planing Mills.
 1487 Southern Detective Agency.
 1968 Sawtell, T. R. Slaughter House
 1931 Smith & Houghton. Coal and Wood
 443 Tillman, H. F. Commission Merchant
 83 Vickery & Bro., W. H. Tobaccoist
 1425 West J. J. Lumber Dealer
 380 W. & A. R. R. Shops.
 1184 Webb, J. J. Commission Merchant
 959 Westmoreland, Dr. W. F. Residence

For any information regarding rates, etc., call 309 or drop the manager a postal card and we will send our contract clerk to see you.

JNO. D. EASTERLIN, W. T. GENTRY.
 Dist. Superintendent. Manager.



WHILE none of us advocate the general use of intoxicating liquors, every household should keep a supply in case of emergency to be used strictly for medicinal purposes, and these should be old and strictly pure. We have taken great pains in selecting our stock of Wines and Liquors for medicinal and family use. We are careful to offer only such stock as we have critically examined and can recommend to our customers as to purity, quality and of a guaranteed age.

FRUIT BRANDIES.
 Per Qt. Bottle.
 California Fine \$1.00
 Georgia Apple, 75c & 1.00
 North Carolina Apple 1.00
 Georgia Peach 1.00
 Maryland Peach 1.25
 Blackberry, very fine 1.00
 Cherry 1.00

WINES.
 Per Qt. Bottle.
 California Port, 6 yrs. old \$.75
 California Port, 3 years old50
 California Sherry, 6 years old75
 California Sherry 3 years old50
 California Catawba50
 California Claret, 3 yrs old, rich flavor50
 California Madeira50
 California Scup'ng50

Per Qt. Bottle.
 James' Malt75
 John Jameson Sons' Irish, in jugs 1.50
 Old Georgia Corn, best75
 Old Georgia Corn, good50
 Old Georgia Corn, 3 yrs old, rich flavor50
 Old Holland \$1.00
 Wolf's Aromatic-Schickel Schnapps, 75c & 1.00
 Extra New England 1.50

WHISKIES.
 Per Qt. Bottle.
 Methuselah Rye \$1.00
 Hermitage Rye 1.25
 Paul Jones' Private Stock Rye 1.00
 Pfeiffer's XXXX 1.35
 Old Oscar Pepper 1.25
 Canadian Club, small 60c; medium, \$1.00; large 1.50
 Duffy's Malt85

JACOBS' PHARMACY,
 Everything Retail at Wholesale Prices.
 BRANCH, CORNER PEACHTREE AND DECATUR STREETS.

MOREY Parlor Gas Burner.
 95-96
 Handsome, Saving, so Resonably Guaranteed.
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 August 20, Sun fol and nrm

HER FATHER'S WILL SHOULD BE HIGHER.

Sensational Petition Filed Yesterday with Ordinary Calhoun.

CLAIMS THERE WAS UNDOE INFLUENCE

Involves Bailiff D. A. Ray and Charges He Was a Party To It.

A DAUGHTER ACCUSES HER MOTHER

Says That Mrs. Pat Owens, with Improper Intentions, Influenced Her Husband To Leave His Property to Her.

Disappointed daughters, disinherited sons and their fathers have formed substance for romance since fiction started up, but in all the romances, in all the thrilling plots and plays there is nothing to rival in tone and tenor the sensational contents of a paper put before Ordinary W. L. Calhoun yesterday.

It is the petition of a daughter, who asks that the will of her father be set aside, who charges that it was made under fraud, who accuses an officer of the law in Atlanta of interfering with it illegally; who says that her own mother was a participant in this interference and others of a more serious nature.

The petition is drawn up by Mrs. J. W. Cason, through her attorneys, Messrs. W. T. Moyers, John C. Reed and Edward P. Wood and is aimed at D. A. Ray, now a bailiff in Justice Bloodworth's court, and Mrs. Patrick Owens, the mother of Mrs. Cason. The paper asks that the will of the late Judge Pat Owens be set aside on the ground that it was made through improper influences at a time when he was not in a sound mental condition; that Bailiff Ray acted the part of false friend assisted by Mrs. Owens, and that it was procured fraudulently.

Immediately upon the filing of the petition supplementary proceedings were taken before Judge Clark asking an order restraining Mrs. Owens and Bailiff Ray from interfering with the property and requesting a receiver.

Judge Pat Owens, over whose will the content is made, was at one time a prominent officer in Atlanta. He was for many years a justice of the peace and occupied various other offices of trust and responsibility.

He was in nature a man of jolly temperament and had a host of friends, but disease fixed itself upon him and for some time before his death, in 1892, he was in a bad physical condition.

When the Will Was Made.

Before dying the justice made a will, and this was probated in solemn form before the ordinary of the county in May, 1902.

When the contents of this will became known the surprise was great. All of the property had been left unreservedly to his wife to the neglect of three children who were minors. Nothing was thought of the matter, however, by those not interested and the developments after four years are of a most startling nature.

Among those children was Mrs. J. M. Cason, the party who now asks for the placing aside of the will.

Was in Bad Health.

This petition goes back to the time when her father was in failing health. It says that he was not exactly in a normal mental condition and that he could not interpret the motives of people. Bailiff Ray, it charges, instigated himself into the friendship of the old man, for purposes apparent in the case. He was continually with the petitioner's father, so it is alleged. It is also alleged that Mrs. Owens used various inducements to have all the property left to her, she, with Ray. So it is stated, induced the old man to fix his will according to their liking.

This charge is followed up with another as equally serious against Ray.

How It Was Procured.

It claims that when the will was probated that it was done through the same methods and that Ray, as an officer, had himself appointed guardian. When it came up before the ordinary it is charged that he, as guardian, represented the minor children and represented to the court that there were no reasons why the will should not be allowed to stand.

In this way, it is stated, the whole of the property left by Judge Owens came into the possession of his wife and that all of the children were left unprotected for.

Continuing, the petition makes still graver charges against the bailiff. It states that although he is a married man, that he is in the habit of constantly visiting Mrs. Ray; that he is with her frequently.

More severe than all is the charge that the bailiff is not acting discreetly with the widow, that he is fooling her and feigning friendship for the purpose of finally getting possession of the property left.

This estate now is valued at \$12,000.

Concluding the petition repeats the charges and asks that the will be set aside.

Before Judge Clark.

In addition to this petition supplementary proceedings were taken before Judge Clark and H. Clark. He signed a petition restraining Mrs. Owens and Bailiff Ray from interfering with the estate and appointing Mr. Charles Rutherford, cashier of the Fidelity Banking Company, receiver.

The receiver is instructed to take the estate in charge and manage it until the final hearing of the case, which will occur before Judge Lamkin on September 7th.

SO VERY DIFFERENT.

At Times Change More Happiness In Daily Created.

In this, the nineteenth century, the entire population of this great United States can get all they want to make them happy and can get it cheap. Now, for the first time, the modern improvement in the way of housefurnishing. Some people could scarcely buy furniture at all, in the first place and cash was high. In the second place, and today the very poorest man can handsomely furnish his home. T. J. Fambro, the popular young furniture man at 87 and 89 Peachtree street, small weekly payments. This is certainly a boon to the small earner. The stock is large and complete, and in it. By fair dealing he has built up a most wonderful business in a very short time, and his many friends are proud to see such great success.

WILL MEET NEXT TUESDAY.

Directors of the Consolidated To Hold Their Annual Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the directors of the Atlanta Consolidated Street Railway Company on Tuesday.

It is hardly probable that the question of the election of a new president to succeed Mr. Joel Hurt will be taken up, for the reason that the vacancy caused by his death will not occur until January.

It is also rumored that there is some opposition manifested on the part of some of the directors to accept the resignation of Mr. Hurt and it is thought that the board will be made to have that question reconsidered.

On Cotton All News Is Bullish, but Prices Advance Very Slowly.

NO PROSPECT OF FIRMER MONEY RATES

And Idle Money Continues to Pile Up in New York Bank Vaults—Trade Very Light in Stocks.

New York, August 17.—The feature of the stock market today was the weakness of Tobacco and Manhattan, and the firmness of the general rally list. Tobacco was pressed for sale, 21,400 shares being traded in. The stock opened at 106 1/2 and dropped to 104 1/2, closing at the lowest point. Professional operators were the heaviest sellers, and all the arts of manipulation were employed for liquidation. Manhattan was heavy throughout, and dropped from 114 to 112 1/2, on selling for both accounts. The falling off in the earnings of the company on account of competition is given as the reason for the weakness of this stock. Outside of the issues named the tendency of prices was upward. More confidence prevails as to the future, and the offerings of big American securities placed abroad being relied upon to furnish sufficient exchange to check large exports of gold, while crop conditions are all that could be reasonably desired by the most enthusiastic bull on stocks. The gain in the general list ranged from 1/16 to 1/2 per cent. Chicago Gas, the Grangers, Lake Shore and Leather Paper closed strong except for Manhattan and Tobacco, which were weak at about the lowest point of the day. Net changes as a rule show gain on last week's prices. Bonds were firm. Sales footed up \$179,000.

The sales of listed stocks aggregated 35,000 shares, and of unlisted stocks 5,000 shares.

Treasury balances: Coin \$3,883,000; currency \$7,175,000.

Money: Call money 1 per cent; prime mercantile paper 4 1/2 per cent.

Sterling exchange easier with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.89 1/4 for 90 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 60 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 30 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 15 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 7 1/2 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 3 1/2 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 1 1/2 days; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/2 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/4 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/8 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/16 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/32 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/64 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/128 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/256 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/512 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/1024 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/2048 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/4096 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/8192 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/16384 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/32768 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/65536 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/131072 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/262144 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/524288 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/1048576 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/2097152 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/4194304 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/8388608 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/16777216 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/33554432 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/67108864 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/134217728 day; \$4.89 1/4 for 1/268435456 day; 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and concentration are the main features of the modern business system. The control of the market is now in the hands of a few individuals, who are able to manipulate the market at will. This is the result of the concentration of capital and the power of the few who control it. The result is a system of speculation and manipulation, which is the cause of the present financial crisis. The market is now in a state of panic, and the result is a general depression. The only way to avoid this is by a return to a system of free trade and competition.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Appointed to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1895.

THE DOLLS' REVENGE

How Miss Johnson Was Taught
a Very Useful Lesson.



"Topsy" Addressed the Convention.

Little Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson was only five years old, yet she had twenty dolls by actual count, four for every single year of her age. But as Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson also had three brothers, two sisters, six uncles, four aunts and a very loving papa and mamma, you can easily imagine where her big family of dolls came from.

There was the Japanese doll Susie called Jappy, and the pretty nun all dressed in black and named Sister Gertrude, and then there were Florence Rebecca Smith, Baby McKee, Princess May, Baby Marion Cleveland, Mary Aditha Angevine, John Quincy Adams Black, the negro, and a dozen more, nearly all of which had at least three names.

It is a painful thing to say, but Miss Susie now and then had a very bad temper, became quite angry with her dolls and would shake several of them, when the poor dolls could not imagine for the life of them what they had been doing that was naughty.

Late one afternoon after Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson had been playing hard all day, she got very tired and cross and finally became so very naughty that beginning with Sister Gertrude, who had not been doing anything, she slapped every one of the twenty dolls, including Baby McKee and Baby Marion Cleveland.

The task of punishing such a big family of dolls one after another without stopping was a very long and tiresome one, and by the time No. 20, who happened to be woolly-headed John Quincy Adams Black, had been attended to Susie was very red in the face, and her little right hand was aching.

"There!" she cried, throwing herself upon the sofa when the last of the twenty had been shaken; "you are very, very naughty, and your poor mamma is really quite worn out because you have been such bad children."

With a weary sigh Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson stretched herself out upon the sofa and glared fixedly at the ceiling so that the sight of the twenty naughty children sitting in a long row against the wall in the very order that they had been punished would no longer greet her eyes. She lay there a long time, and although the offending dolls were out of her sight Miss Susie could not keep them out of her mind.

Suddenly they seemed to be talking among themselves, and Miss Susie very much amazed, breathless with surprise in fact, listened to what was going on. She would have sat up on the sofa and looked sternly at the dolls, but for some unknown reason she could not move a single inch. She was quite certain, however, that the dolls had seated themselves on the floor in a circle, with Baby McKee, who had been elected chairman or captain of the meeting, in the very center.

"Mr. Chairman," cried a voice that Susie recognized as that of Jappy.

"The gentleman from Japan has the floor," replied Chairman Baby McKee. Susie did not understand this but her papa afterwards explained that Baby McKee simply meant that Jappy could speak.

"We are in convention assembled," continued Jappy, using very large words for such a very small doll, "to consider the case of Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson, who owns us and who has such a very bad temper that she shakes or ill treats some or all of us every day. She has been allowing her temper to get the best of her more and more. This afternoon, as you all know only too well, she shook every one of us without cause. She has become such a little, ill-tempered tyrant that it seems to me that we ought to punish her in some way or run away and leave her without a single child to play with."

"Mistah Chairman, I rises to secon' dat air motion," cried the voice of John Quincy Adams Black, the colored doll, "but I moves dat we don't run away at all. De bes' ting we kin do feller chillens is fer all of us to give her a good shakin' jus' to show her how it hurts. Den dis air Susanner Elizer Johnsons won't be so powerfull free wid her shakin' in de future."

A loud clapping of hands greeted the remarks of the colored orator.

"I second Mr. J. Q. A. Black's motion," Baby Ruth Cleveland cried in a loud voice for one so young, "and I wish to say right here that if there is any shaking to be

done to Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson, the tyrant and common enemy, I am ready at any time to do my part of it and do it with great pleasure."

Loud and long-continued applause and cries of "that's right," followed Baby Ruth's very spirited speech.

"And now that our good friends, the fairies, have tied the tyrant's hands and feet so that she cannot move, it is just the time to show Miss Elizabeth Johnson that shaking is a game that not only two but twenty may play at," Princess May said enthusiastically. "My rich blue, royal blood fairly boils when I think of that little snip of a common Johnson actually slapping Princess May!"

Mary Aditha Angevine, Florence Rebecca Smith and all the other dolls with but one exception were outspoken for the motion to shake and shake hard. The exception was Sister Gertrude, who said that she thought the dolls should return good for evil.

When John Q. A. Black's motion that every one of the dolls give Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson a "good shaking" was put to the meeting it was carried with but one opposing vote, that of Sister Gertrude. When the result of the vote was announced, however, she stated that although she did not believe in being naughty because Miss Susie was she would do her part of the sad business before them when the time came.

"Who'll go over and catch her first?" asked Princess May.

"I'm ready to do it this minute," replied Jappy.

For the fifteenth time Miss Susie tried to scream and get up and run away to her mamma in the sitting room, but she could



not stir, could not even cry. She must lie there and take the punishment the twenty ill-treated dolls had planned for her. After further talk among the dolls the meeting adjourned with the understanding that Jappy was to do the first punishing.

An instant later, to Susie's great surprise, little Jappy picked her up as if she were only half his size and gave her a terrible shaking. Then as he called their names the other dolls shook Miss Susie Elizabeth Johnson.

While Sister Gertrude still had poor Susie by the shoulders Susie sat up with a scream and found the dolls all sitting against the wall just as she had left them. She found that she had only been asleep and dreaming, but afterwards the dolls led a happier life, and there was no more punishing.

Where the Presidents Sleep.

George Washington is buried at Mount Vernon, Va.

John Adams at Quincy, Mass.

Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Va.

James Madison at Montpelier, Va.

James Monroe at Richmond, Va.

John Quincy Adams at Quincy, Mass.

Andrew Jackson at Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren at Kinderhook, N. Y.

William Henry Harrison at North Bend, Ohio.

John Tyler at Richmond, Va.

James K. Polk at Nashville, Tenn.

Zachary Taylor at Louisville, Ky.

Millard Fillmore at Buffalo, N. Y.

Franklin Pierce at Concord, N. H.

James Buchanan near Lancaster, Pa.

Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill.

Andrew Johnson at Greenville, Tenn.

Ulysses S. Grant at Riverside park, New York.

Rutherford Hayes at Columbus, O.

James A. Garfield at Cleveland, O.

Chester A. Arthur at Albany, N. Y.

"Pa," said the small boy with the large head, "teacher says the world is round."

"Yes, my son."

"And the minister says the end of the world is coming. Now, which of 'em is telling the truth?"—Washington Times.

A Collision at the Start.

Two Yachts Smashed Up Before
the Race Began.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The wind was brisk and from the south-east. The blue waters of Massachusetts bay ran brimming in long, foam-topped ridges to the bright horizon, where the pale clouds fled like frightened ghosts before the hurrying breeze. In the foreground, near the spot where Marblehead rock reared its brown pyramid above the restless lashing of the milk white foam a flock of yachts was scurrying about like a flock of great gulls swooping hither and thither over the vexed bosom of the sea. It was a race day in the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Marblehead, and the crack flyers of Salem and Lynn and a dozen other seaport towns were maneuvering for advantageous positions at the start. At length the gun sent them all away upon their course, and as the swirling tangle of sails straightened itself out on the first long reach of the course twenty helmsmen breathed more freely. I had made fast the Rosalie's jib sheet, which was my especial care that day, and had stretched myself across the deck, when Burbage said:

"We were in ghastly close quarters there one time. I thought we were in for a collision like the big one at Brenton's reef."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"Do you mean to say you didn't read about it at the time?" demanded Burbage.

"Of course, he didn't," said Eton, the owner of the yacht, "and that's why you are going to tell us all about it. You'll just have time to do it before we have to luff around the first mark."

Burbage's Story.

Burbage heaved a sigh, rolled up his eyes, and said: "Well, I suppose I'm in for it. This collision was one in which I had an active personal interest, and I am free to admit that I don't care about another experience of the sort. It just goes to show that in maneuvering for position at the start you are liable to all sorts of trouble. The particular start took place on one of the cruises of the New York Yacht Club. The runs from port to port had been rather slow and all hands were wishing for a little excitement, and they got it."

The citizens of Newport had offered several handsome cups to be raced for off that place. All the fast yachts in the fleet were entered for the contests, and when the day opened with a brisk wind from the south-east all hands were happy. I was a guest aboard the fifty-foot sloop Florina, which was entered for the cup offered for her class. There was also a cup for the big single-stickers, one for big schooners, another for schooners of eighty feet and still another for forty-six-foot sloops. There were thirty-seven entries in all the classes, and every one of them passed out by Fort Adams with their racing numbers up. The steam yacht Magnetic, the flagship of the fleet, with Commodore Perry and the regatta committee aboard, anchored abreast of Brenton's reef lightship and sent up signals which informed the racers that the course would be fifteen miles dead to windward and return. Now, if there was anything in the world that suited the Florina, that was it. She was one of the smartest boats in going to windward that was ever turned out, and she wasn't designed by Burgess or Herreshoff, either, but by an old sea captain who laid down her lines by what he called the rule of thumb and a good nose for salt water."

A Lively Start.

"We made up our minds that there was going to be too much wind to make a club topsail comfortable, so we set our working topsail. We were glad afterward that we did, because it gave us just that much less hamper aloft and probably saved us from an upset. The ninety-foot sloops had their balloon canvass aloft, however, and from the way they went ripping through the water on the way out of the harbor, I made up my mind that it wouldn't be healthy to be in the way of any one of them at the start. The schooners, too, had a lively move on, and altogether it was a pretty brisk morning."

"The start was made in the usual way. A preparatory gun was fired and ten minutes later the starting gun after which all yachts had five minutes in which to cross the line. It was stupid to start all classes at once, and after that day they never did it again. The Magnetic was to the westward of the lightship, and, of course, we all maneuvered for position off to the westward of the flagship, so as to come down to the line with the wind nearly abeam, luff under the stern of the Magnetic and haul by the wind on the starboard tack. You may easily understand that with a fresh southeasterly breeze we were bound to come around the Magnetic's stern at a pretty lively pace. The Florina was in a beautiful position when the skipper started her for the line. Only two yachts were to windward of us and they reached the line almost in the smoke of the gun. We were not more than thirty seconds behind them, and we rushed down to the line with our lee rail under water and our sloping deck adrip with the flying spray. The big schooner Maybird was on our weather quarter, and before we reached the line she established a lap on us, so that we had to keep away, and let her cross the line a little nearer to the flagship than we were. Just before we crossed, I looked astern and saw the ninety-foot sloop Seaflower coming down like an express train right astern of us. I tell you, boys, she looked like a great iceberg running amuck, and I wished we were well out of her way. But we were at the line and I had to jump to my station. The skipper luffed the Florina

up and let her shoot ahead with her canvas shaking.

The Collision.

"Now, then," he shouted, "get all sheets down flat!"

"We bent our backs to the ropes and got the canvas flat as boards before he had to let her off again in order to keep all drawing. The Maybird's big bowsprit was just even with our forestaysail as she tore through the water fifty yards to the windward of us. I looked astern again and saw the Seaflower come bolting past the flagship and luff sharp up in an endeavor to squeeze out to windward of the Maybird. The big sloop was going at a terrific pace, and now came the trouble. Her bowsprit end swung up to windward in answer to the movement of her helm. But she was going so fast that she forereached on the Maybird alarmingly. Before her owner who was at the helm, knew what was the matter, the extreme tip of her bowsprit caught under the lee of the extreme end of the Maybird's heavy main boom. The



I HEARD SHOUTS AND YELLS IN EVERY DIRECTION.

Seaflower's bowsprit forced that heavy boom up to windward and carried the whole stern of the big schooner up with it. A second or two later the boom slipped clear of the bowsprit and with a terrific jerk. But before that happened the forcing of the Maybird's stern to the windward caused her bow to swing around so that it pointed right straight at us. Hung up on the Seaflower's bowsprit the schooner was absolutely helpless, and when she did go clear, before her helm could control her, she shot forward directly toward our side. Of course all these things happened far more quickly than I can describe them. Our captain shouted a warning at the men forward, and whirled the spokes of the wheel around in a vain attempt to keep away.

"Crash!"

Man Overboard.

"The Maybird's bowsprit went through our weather rigging, smashing things right and left, so that our topmast carried away and went tumbling down to leeward, taking our bowsprit off short. The Maybird's bow pushed against our weather side with such force that our Florina was thrown on her beam ends, the water rising to the companion way and pouring into the cabin."

"The next instant I went over backward and found myself some ten feet under water. I paddled gently, not knowing whether I was going to come up under a capsize sloop or have her sink on top of me. But I came to the surface and found myself about twenty yards off the side of the Maybird. I heard shouts and yells in every direction. Men on the schooner's deck were making a hurried attempt to launch a little dingy. Her captain with a sailor's ready wit hove the slack of the mainsheet overboard and swimming hard I caught the light of it as it trailed over her stern and was towed along for a hundred yards. Two other men from the Florina were in the water and were picked up half exhausted by the Magnetic's lifeboat, which was promptly sent out."

Meanwhile the Seaflower had luffed up so sharply that she just missed striking a big catboat with several ladies aboard, and their screams added to the confusion. As for myself I was in a pretty ticklish position till the Maybird stopped going ahead. Then her crew hauled in the mainsheet and I climbed aboard her. An hour of hard work got her clear from the Florina, and then we of the sloop's company found that we were aboard of a wreck. Our topmast and bowsprit were gone, our standing rigging all in a snarl, and our yacht with two feet of water in her. We put back to Newport astern of a tug; and that's the story of a pretty lively collision at the start of a yacht race."

Hard Times, Indeed.

From The Chicago Record.

"Mamma, I think it's awful funny about Jimmie Watts."

"What is?"

"You know he can beat any of us boys swimming."

"Yes."

"Well, he hasn't brag about it at home, 'cause his daddy'd lick 'im for goin'."



THE PRIZES IN THE RACE.

Handsome Donations by the Merchants Around Town.

The interest in the Junior road race is increasing daily. There are thirty or forty boys who are in hard training for the race and it will prove one of the most exciting in the history of boys' races.

The prizes that are offered are the very handsomest that could be obtained in the city. The merchants who are donating the prizes were generous in their gifts, and only gave the very handsomest prizes.

Nearly every prominent merchant who was approached by the representative of The Junior "came over handsomely." The prizes they donated are worth anywhere from \$3 to \$15. Not a single one was given that was valued at less than \$3.

The Junior thanks every one of them individually for the prizes they donated and is sure that the boys in the race fully appreciate their generosity.

Maier & Berkele, the popular jewelers, donated a sterling silver match case that is valued at \$4. It was one of the handsomest cases in the store and will make one of the best prizes.

E. M. Bass has given as a prize the finest umbrella in his store. It is worth \$5 or \$8 and is a prize that is badly needed at present. The prize is highly appreciated.

J. M. High & Co., one of the leading dry goods merchants in the city, gave a fine pair of tan shoes. The winner of this handsome prize will be fitted in the nicest pair of boys' tans in the store.

Carver & Harper gave one of the handsomest prizes that was donated. It is one of the finest stand lamps in the store and the winner has an elegant present for his home.

Wood-Beaumont Stove and Furniture Company has given a chair as a prize. This will be one of the most useful of them all, as it will be a comfortable chair and one that it is a pleasure to sit in.

Leonard Snider has given a pair of cuff buttons. They are beautiful from a boy's view. All who know this generous merchant feel assured that the prize he gives will be in keeping with his past generosity.

The Globe Shoe and Clothing Company has generously donated a fine derby hat, one of the best in the store. It is worth about \$4 and will make a handsome prize.

The Entries for the Race.

Great interest is being taken in the Junior race, and it will be a large crowd that starts in the races held on the 25th. The Junior has received several entries from out-of-town riders, and if the Atlanta riders don't get a hustle on themselves they will lose the handsome prizes.

The boys who are training the hardest will make the best show in the race, and from the number who are in training, it promises to be a close and exciting race.

Will Meador, who has won several times in the Friday afternoon races, will be one of the scratch men. He can make five miles in twenty minutes with a good road and on a still day. He will be one of the boys who will have to be watched, as he is good on the spur.

Logan Clarke has always been second, and a close second at that, to Meador in the Friday races, and may surprise the boy who has pulled in ahead of him in the other races. Clarke has good staying qualities, and is cut out for a long distance rider.

Charley Banks is a new one in the cycle circle. He has never been in a prize race, and his qualities are not known. Banks is built for a rider and has unusually good wind. He is all right in a foot race, and is pretty good in the use of his limbs.

Howard Muse is another Atlanta rider who will make his debut in the Junior races. He has never been in any races that amounted to anything, and we cannot say what he will do. However, he is an all round boy and is one of the best outdoor athletes for his age in the city.

Edwin Barclay is a young man around town who thinks he has a good show in the Junior races and has entered. He has never been in a race, but from what his friends say, he has good staying qualities and can keep up with the best of them.

Joseph F. Gatins, Jr., sends in his name as an applicant for a position in the race. He is from the south side, and his ability is only known by the boys in his district. It would be well to keep your eyes on him.

Cam A. Corsey is another representative of the south side. He is a young athlete and is pretty good in a ball game. What he can do in a bicycle race is to be seen on the 25th.

Durwood Crockett is among the late entries to the race. He lives on Lowe street and is fourteen years old, with weight amounting to ninety-six pounds. So far as known he has never been in a race before.

From out of the city W. G. Owen, of Demorest, has entered. In reply to a letter from Demorest it is learned that he is one of the fastest boys in that place. He will be one of those who will come in first if the Atlanta delegation don't keep their feet on the move.

Covington sends Parks Hays to represent them. He has been in several local races and has proved an easy winner. Parks is well known as a fast boy and his chances for winning are as good as anybody's. The other entries had better try and keep ahead of him during the race and not depend on a spurt as he is good on them himself.

Carl Fort is put down as one of the entries and will prove one of the best in the race. "Monk," as he is called, made a phenomenal ride several Fridays ago in the Peachtree road race. He is going to make those in front of him do a grand-riding act or they will be beaten. He has not ridden in any races for several weeks on account of sickness and is not yet in good condition, but you can count on him

to do his share of the pushing in the Junior race.

Master Edward Connell is one of the unknown riders that will be in the race. He was given an optical sizing up when he came to The Junior office to enter his name for the race and from appearances he ought to make a good rider. He is fourteen, and weighs about eighty-eight pounds.

Moses Brinson is a young man who has pushed a thirty-pound wheel for a year or more, and when he mounts the light wheel he is going to ride in the race he will prove the adage to be so, "When it's a good thing, push it along."

Will Crawford is one of the riders in the Peachtree road race and generally carries off one of the prizes. He will be one of the first to cross the line in the coming race. He claims that he has not been doing his best in the races and that he will leave the boys who have led him.

Master Brockett is the young rider that came so near winning the race on last Friday from Meador. He was one of the handicapped men and it took all the wind and push Meador had to beat him the few inches he did. He has a good showing in The Junior race.

Albert Osburn will be among the riders in the race. What he can do and what he is going to do will be seen when the races come off. He has never been in any races to amount to anything so he says, and if he isn't watched he will prove a dark horse.

Will Whitlock, better known as "Billy Kitchens," will push a fast wheel in The Junior race. Billy has never been in any race where there was a prize at stake, and says he can't do much. He rides with the Young Men's Christian Association Cycle Club on their Saturday runs and is one of the best stayers in the city. He is a good athlete and will prove hard to beat.

There are several other entries who are riders that will prove hard to run away from in a race. From the present outlook it promises to be one of the fastest, most exciting and largest race that the boys ever had.

All boys who have been in hard training for some time and who are in good condition as to the body and wind should regulate their diet for the coming week and do everything to keep their stomach in good condition, as it is in control of your wind it plays an important part in the race.

Bicycle Race Postponed Until Friday.

The regular Friday race over the Peachtree course was postponed on account of rain.

There were several new boys who were prepared to enter the race, and there was a probability that the boys who have been coming in first and second would have to push a little harder if they wanted to come in in their usual place.

The prizes that were to be given in the race will be put with The Junior prizes, in all making quite a number for the boys who enter The Junior race. Those who come in fourth or fifth will get a handsome prize in The Junior race and everybody has a good chance of winning some sort of prize.

The races that have been held every Friday afternoon will close with The Junior race. While it is true that the boys have shown much interest in the race and more are entering it every meet, it will be stopped until the heavy vehicles are kept off the asphalt, as they might prove to be the cause of a serious accident. They are continually crossing from one side to the other and the boys coming at a fast rate would have trouble going around them.

The exposition and schools are nearly ready to open and there could not be more than one or two more before the schools open. It has been decided to let The Junior race close the Friday afternoon road races.

Scenes on the Asphalt.

The rain has kept many riders indoors for the last week, much to their displeasure. Those living on Peachtree street have been seen on the smooth pavement during the intermission of the rain.

A crowd of girls would gather on the porches with their wheels and whenever it would stop for a few minutes they would get on their wheels and take a short ride. Sometimes they would get caught before they could get back to their homes and of course they had to run in some house until it would stop again. They played at this game several days during the week.

It is hoped that it will be sunshine for the next week and then you will see the many riders out in full force. They are all eager for a spin to the end of the asphalt and on the first bright day they will be out by the hundred.

The boys are all grumbling about the rain and content themselves by staying at home and overhauling their wheels.

They have been thrown out considerably in their training work, and if the rain continues several of them will be in worse shape than they were before they began training. They were up to the beginning of the rain in hard training and then to suddenly stop off will prove hard with them.

It is hoped that it will clear up and give the boys a chance to get back to training. The best thing a boy can now do to keep himself in condition is to go to the gymnasium and run. This will keep the muscle of your legs in order and keep up your wind. The general all round exercise down there will be of great advantage, and if

the rain keeps up there is the only place to go and stay in condition.

Bicycle Notes.

The riding school has been patronized more this week by the young lady riders than heretofore on account of the rain. They can ride all they want to and not get wet no matter how hard it is raining. There are several young misses who are



members of the riding school who have become very expert on the wheel and have turned teachers. The cut herewith shows one of the young ladies who has become very expert in riding a wheel, teaching one of her friends the secrets of riding. They frequently do this at the riding school and generally the scholars make good teachers.

Little Lollie Peck Wylie and her little Crescent are the general talk of the school. Her new made-to-order bicycle arrived a few days ago and now she sits like a queen on her new machine, the envy of all who see her.

She is probably the youngest rider in



the city and there are few older ones who can excel her in the management of a wheel. Her new bicycle was made to order by the Gash Company and is one of the prettiest little wheels in the city. She rides mostly at the riding school, as she feels safer there than on the crowded asphalt.

There has been considerable talk since the race a few Fridays ago about Master Austin Smith, who won from Meador by a good distance. He proved to be the dark horse and shows that there is the making of a good rider in him. He has never been in any races before nor since, but he certainly surprised the boys who witnessed the race the day he won. He was not thought to be much of a rider and was given the full limit handicap. He won the race by nearly a minute. This is good time when we remember that he did his own pacing and had no one to go over the track with him. He did not see the other racers until after he had made the turn.

It was a great race that Will Meador made on last Friday, when Brockett, the limit man, pushed him for first place. Brockett was some distance ahead of Meador and they were not very far from the finish. Those who saw Meador before he began his great spurt say he looked as if



he was nearly gone and that he would have to be contented with second place. But Meador did not think so and bringing all the muscles in his body into play, commenced the rockaway movement and the way he crawled up on the one in front surprised those who knew his qualities as a rider. He crossed the line with just a length in his favor, winning the race.

We present a cut of him as he crossed the line taken by one of our staff artists.

At the Mission School.

From Puck.
Pompous Visitor (after protracted harangue)—Now would any little boy like to ask me some appropriate question?
Ragsy (promptly)—Wat 't' ell?

Doubly Afflicted.

From The Chicago Record.
"Hi, Jimmy, wot's de matter?"
"Back's blistered."
"Swimmin' or lickin'?"
"Both."



Eliza Ivey, Ferreria de San Miguel, Mexico.—Dear Junior, My father takes The Constitution; we like it very much; especially the Woman's Kingdom.

We live in Mexico, in an iron works, where they make and roll iron; my father is the manager. It is about 150 miles northeast of the city. This is a very pretty place, having a most delightful climate; not very hot nor very cold. We have our warmest weather in April and May; the rest of the year we have little showers, which makes it very pleasant. We are down in a valley, with beautiful pine mountains all around, so that we have a pretty view from our balcony.

I enjoy myself very much, picking ferns and wild flowers, and looking at the pure cool water as it runs down the mountain sides.

I went out blackberry hunting yesterday with my little brother, the maid and a boy; we gather one basketful when it began to rain. I enjoy it very much. We also have a great variety of other fruits such as, oranges, bananas, grapes, figs, apples, pineapples, watermelons, peaches and peaches besides many others which I have not mentioned.

This place is noted for its variety of flowers, which the people take great delight in. Birds of all kinds are very plentiful; so in the evenings, brother and I enjoy ourselves shooting; and Sunday we go to town. There is a Methodist Protestant church there. They have no preaching Sunday mornings on account of the market, but have it nights instead. The minister's wife came to see us the other day, with some other ladies. She said that when they first came there, the Catholics would not speak to them, but now they are very friendly, even with the priest himself.

The only thing we are short of are schools and churches to make this one of the best places in the world.

Hoping this will not go to the waste basket, and that you will excuse my wishing to occupy so much space, I will say good bye.

Eunice Mildred Boland, Sugg, Miss.—Dear Junior: I live in the country and am a seven year's daughter; I like country life better than city life. I help mamma all I can. I can milk, cook, wash and iron, and make up beds. I have two little sisters. I am not going to school now, but will this winter.

I send 5 cents to the children's ward in the Grady hospital.

Lillie and Katie McLendon, Lapine, Ala.—Dear Junior: We are twin sisters; age is seven years. We live at Laverne, Ala. We are visiting our grandpa, Mr. M. O. Merritt. He likes The Constitution. Oh, how we like The Junior column. Our teacher cannot tell us apart and very few others can. In 1890 we drew the premium for twins in Montgomery, Ala., and would have gotten it in Birmingham the same year, only we were cheated out of it by a pair of boys over age, as we found out afterward.

We will come again soon, and send our mite for the Grady hospital. Much love to all.

Sallie G. Grigsby, Mastin, La.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl seven years old. I see so many little children write such nice letters, thought I would surprise Aunt Susie with a letter. I have been going to school but it is closed now. I have five studies.

Lucy A. Stowe, Hatteras, N. C.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl eleven years old, seeking admission to your happy band of boys and girls.

My uncle takes The Constitution and I like to read it very much. I have one pet, a Maltese cat. I will inclose 10 cents for the Grady hospital. Best wishes for Aunt Susie and The Junior.

Robert Ruff, Chester, Miss.—Dear Junior: I am eight years old. I am in the third reader. I ride the horse to pasture and drive the cows.

The school I have been attending is the Chester normal high school. We have a good Sunday school and such a nice teacher.

David McNair, Melrose, Fla.—I have for several years stood in the background and viewed The Junior with a wistful eye, but I have had the dreadful disease with which nearly all of the Florida boys are afflicted, namely, bashfulness. Aunt Susie, I am so glad that you have once more warned the girls, for many of the letters in The Junior were spoiled by the words so often repeated "Correspondents solicited, either sex."

The girls that make those requests, surely must not have any mothers. Now, girls, I know that some of you will say that the boys made the same requests, which they did, but I think they were blockheads to do such a thing, for I would not want a girl correspondent that would write to me first.

The negroes have preaching in about a half mile of here, and I hear the reverend divine and his dusky brethren and sisters shout and sing; they are shouting at the present.

All who have never been to one of their meetings should do so the very first opportunity, but do not go unless you can show due respect to them and their form of worship.

Elia Cross, West End, Ala.—Dear Junior: I have just returned from a visit to my sister on Shades mountain, one of the loveliest places in the state. Maybe some of the cousins have visited there, and know something of its beauties. West End is a beautiful little suburb of Birmingham. We have not been living here very long, but like the place splendidly.

I have one brother, two married sisters and five single ones.

Inclosed you will find 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

"Mattie," Marshall, N. C.—Dear Junior: Will you admit a "mountain lassie" to be one among the many happy cousins?

I am the only girl in a family of five children and am the baby, so you may know that I have been petted and spoiled. I never knew a mother's love as I was left an orphan at two years of age, though I have a very kind stepmother.

How many of the cousins have enjoyed a huckleberry hunt this year? They are such a nice berry that it well repays anyone to ramble through the woods in search of them.

Cousins, what do you think of catching a panther and holding it down in water, and having rocks piled upon it until it is drowned? Don't you think that was a daring deed for a half dozen, or more, of young boys to do? My father was the leader of the crowd that had such a perilous adventure. He has been an expert hunter, and has killed bears, deer, wolves and catamounts; there was plenty of them when he was young, and the woods around where he now lives were full of all kind of game then. My father was a confederate soldier and was wounded.

My home is situated on a high hill and we can see quite a distance. Though our hills are rugged, the scenery is beautiful.

Nannie H. Chandler, Noblin, N. C.—Dear Junior: I have been a reader of your happy band, and now I wish to join in with you. I am a Virginia girl, but my postoffice is in North Carolina, as it is nearer than any other.

My uncles take The Constitution and we like it very much. I have no father; mother and I live with my grandpa and uncle.

I expect to send for Aunt Susie's and Edna Brower's picture, soon as I can get the money.

Please find inclosed 10 cents for the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

Many good wishes to Aunt Susie and The Constitution.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

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ATLANTA, GA., August 18, 1895.

A Brave Little Boy.

Here is a tragic as well as pathetic picture showing something of the hard, barren lives of the children of the poor, not only in New York, but in other great cities. It is taken from The New York Tribune.

Henry Bauer, eight years old, living in Front street, was found dead in bed on Wednesday night by his father, who came from work at 8 o'clock.

The lad's death was pathetic. His mother died four months ago and the father was not willing to send his children to any institution. Henry and his two sisters, both younger than himself, kept house as best they could.

They were lonely without their mother and little Henry, who assumed charge of the little girls, worried and pined over his hard lot. There was no escaping it, however, and every day he gave them their dinner, kept them as tidy as possible and wondered if he should ever have a good time again.

Wednesday afternoon he told Mrs. Weigand, a neighbor who had shown a fondness for him, that his head ached badly.

"I guess I'm going to be sick, Mrs. Weigand," said he, "and mamma isn't here to take care of me. Who'll take care of—of them?" he asked, his eyes filling with tears, his face growing paler.

Mrs. Weigand told him to lie down and rest and his little sisters would be taken care of all right.

"When you wake up your headache will be gone," said she, good-humoredly.

He crawled into bed with his clothes on and went to sleep and when he woke up it was with "his mother." When his father called his name at 8 o'clock there was no response.

"Henry's asleep, papa," said the youngest child.

The father lighted the gas and went to the bedside of the motionless boy. One look at the pale face showed him that little Henry's complainings had been well founded. Death is supposed to have been due to some brain trouble.

"Morleans" Molasses.

There were at least a dozen children playing upon the front lawn and they were having such a good time that I could not refrain from asking the name of the game that afforded so much fun.

"Morleans Molasses," came the response, in chorus.

"What?" I exclaimed with grown-up superiority. "You mean New Orleans molasses."

"No," they replied again in chorus, "Morleans Molasses," and they smiled at my pretending to know the name of a game I never had played. And I wondered myself at my own presumption.

Then I determined to watch them and learn the source of the name, but though I have not found that out yet, I found so good a game that I decided to give it a wider circle of friends for I have reason to believe that it originated with one of those children on the lawn.

Their first step was to choose sides; then the two rows were formed upon opposite ends of the lawn. Side No. 1 then proceeded to select some act of work or play which would be carried on in pantomime and described in two or three words, such as swinging a hammer, nailing a shoe, pulling weeds, or stirring a cake. Their work selected, they then marched back across the lawn, stopped before the opposite line and announcing the letters, began the accompanying motion. When, for instance, they decided upon "pulling weeds," they said as they stopped, "P. W.," and then stooping down, made the motion of pulling weeds. The others began to guess, any one announcing whatever guess he made aloud. When the right guess was made the line took to their heels and the opposite line followed, trying to "tag" as many of the pursued as possible.

Those "tagged" had to join the line of the opponents.

The lines were then formed again and the play was repeated.

The game combined exercise both for the mind and muscle, and its author is a success in her line even if she could not do the family marketing—when it came to buying molasses.

A Cat's Whiskers.

Nature is an economical dame, and never indulges in useless gifts. If she gives an animal or plant an appendage of any kind, we may be sure that it serves some wise purpose.

Take a cat's whiskers, for instance, which may seem to you to be merely ornamental. They are organs of touch, attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible.

They stand out on each side of the lion as well as the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the nicest feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush; and

thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads—the claws never coming into contact with the ground—they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness equal to that of a snake.

Stories About Cats.

The cat is a much maligned animal. Because it creeps softly after its prey, it is called sly; because it is domestic in its tastes and stays at home, we say it is ungrateful, and when it resents abuse with a scratching, we maintain that it is treacherous. Yet cats have been known to die of grief when their mistress died, and in many ways they exhibit intelligent traits for which we rarely give them credit.

A Maine lad tells of the remarkable sagacity of a pet cat which he owns. The feline has a great fondness for the flesh of birds, and in order to make her quest for the same successful, employs a stratagem. Evidently understanding that birds like angleworms, she collects a number and buries them in the ground. She then hides near by, and when the birds alight to secure their coveted morsel, she springs from her concealment and pounces upon them. Many a bird thus falls a prey to pussy's shrewdness.

A Boy on the Farm.

It is quite likely that no country boy needs to be told about the life of a boy on a farm, but he may more truly realize his own importance by reading what Charles Dudley Warner says about him.

"It is my impression," says Mr. Warner, "that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterward.

"Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the postoffice, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipedes they would tire before night.

"He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of the house there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths; and in the summer he turns the grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but schools and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores."

Bright Spots.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, two sailors were shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, and wandered around for many hours without finding any trace of human habitation. Finally, when upon the verge of despair, one of them caught sight of a gallows erected by the roadside.

"Thank goodness, Jim," he cried, in rapture, "here is a gallows! We are in a civilized country!"

The melancholy point to this story is the fact that a gallows, like a jail, does mark civilization. Savages have no use for either; they visit condign punishment on their enemies and malefactors or they do not punish them at all.

It is a mournful subject for reflection that a portion of the community must be imprisoned like wild beasts to protect honest people, but there is a bright side, after all.

"There are many Americans," says Edward Everett Hale, "who forget, or perhaps never knew, that there are in this country towns and villages where, practically speaking, there is no criminal class, and no class of paupers. The house of correction in many a county in America is empty half the time. There is many a poorhouse in New England where they take summer boarders because they have no one else to take."

How Wolves Hunt in India.

One strongly-marked characteristic common to dogs and wolves is their skill in trailing and running down game, in couples or packs. Such a wolf hunt in India is described by an English traveler, who, while with his telescope watching a herd of antelope feeding in a large field, observed six wolves evidently concerting how best to secure their own breakfast.

Having decided on their plan of campaign, they separated, leaving one stationary. Four crept stealthily round the outer edge of the field, and one lay in ambush in each corner, while the sixth crept through a furrow to the middle of the field, and there lay down unobserved.

When all were thus posted, the first wolf suddenly showed himself, and, charging the antelope, drove them right across the great field, when they were headed by another wolf, who chased them in a fresh direction, while the first hunter lay down to rest.

No sooner had the frightened herd reached the further corner of the plain than up sprang a fresh wolf, who in ever lessening circles round the center of the field, where the sixth wolf lay hidden, evidently waiting till they should be so effectually tired out as to fall an easy prey.

His calculations, however, were at fault, not having reckoned on the human presence, and just as he was preparing for the final spring, a well-directed shot proved fatal to the nearest wolf, whereupon all the confederates took the hint and scurried off with all possible speed.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

Relics Found in an Old Grave Opened in Pennsylvania.

Every schoolboy has heard of the mound-builders and has perhaps seen some of their many mounds which are scattered all over the country.

He imagines them a mysterious race who lived long ago in this land and then disappeared, leaving no record to tell who they were, whence they came or whither they went. But they did leave a record in the wonderful earthworks they made; not only embankments miles long inclosing circles and squares of a hundred acres, but there are burial mounds almost without number.

They made many "effigy" mounds in the shape of beasts and birds; the best example of these is the great serpent mound of Ohio, which is about the queerest relic of its kind in the whole world. It represents a huge snake six feet thick and over 1,000 feet long, lying on a bluff which faces a small creek. The outlines of the snake are very plainly seen; between the open jaws is an oval embankment 150 feet long, and in the center of the oval are the remains of an ancient fireplace. The careful details of the work show that it was made for an object. But what could that object be?

Perhaps you may have heard of the snake dance, which is about the strangest thing ever seen, is part of the religious ceremony which this people still cling to and it is very likely that the snake mound had a part to play in the religion of those who made it.

Probably the people came here, from time to time, from all the country round and worshiped their gods; perhaps, when some of their great men died they were buried here in the sacred grave; a sort of Westminster Abbey for the old chiefs. So much we now know about this singular relic.

Of course you would like to know how old the mound is. If you cut into any virgin soil which has never been disturbed you will find above the clay or rockbed a dark layer of soil formed from the decomposing vegetation—humus, they call it. Now geologists suppose about three inches of this to be formed in a century, and over the old serpent mound in some places this humus is two feet thick; so at this rate it would have been just about eight centuries ago that those weary, plodding people carried their baskets of earth to build the shrine; just about the time when Peter the Hermit was leading his children band to the death of the first crusade and William of Normandy was fighting the great battle of Hastings.

Another of these effigies is the elephant mound of Wisconsin, so called because it bears the form of that animal. But is this not strange? What did people who lived in North America know about elephants? To be sure geologists have told us that such animals once roamed over our land, but we used to think that the last one died before the first man came.

There is no doubt in any one's mind that the men who built the elephant mound either saw or had descriptions of such an animal; and we are beginning to believe that these huge animals lived here much later than was formerly supposed.

Not long since in Missouri, while taking out the bones of one of these monster animals, a scientist, who was standing by, jumped into the excavation and picked out a flint arrow-point. This small piece of stone told him, as plainly as a printed page, that men did live with the old elephants. So by looking into several of these mounds we have learned a little about the builders—when they lived and how they worshiped. But we want to know more of their home life.

I have a map of the United States, which shows each mound or series by a red dot, and the red dots are so numerous that they almost cover the map. If you will keep in mind that each dot represents not one burial, but many, perhaps a hundred or more, you can easily see that the mound-builders have left a great cemetery; and it is by exploring these graves that we have learned something about their customs.

Not many boys ever get a chance to see the opening of an old grave, so I will tell you of one I opened in Pennsylvania. This mound, by the way, is the subject of a very singular story. It is called the "Grasshopper" mound, and the story is that the children of two Indian tribes, who lived here very long ago, got to quarreling about a grasshopper; their mothers took up the quarrel and then their fathers; before long a fearful battle was going on, and the survivors buried all the dead in one mound.

I hardly need to tell you that we found bones, and plenty of them. There may have been eighty or a hundred buried in this small mound. In the center there was a stone grave made of rough slabs of stone. This grave held one body, perhaps he had been a great chief in his day, for he seemed to have had much care taken of his burial. The bones were similar to those of Indians. We found a few small pieces of pottery and a polished stone celt, but as we did not find the grasshopper we could not tell whether the mound had any connection with the legend; most likely it did not.

I have asked you to witness the opening of this mound, for although it is popularly known as an "Indian" mound, it is in nowise different from the so-called Mound-builders' graves. Many, very many of these mounds have been explored by scientists and they are all about the same. They all contain one or more bodies, and sometimes stone graves; some relics are found, but they do not differ in the least from those which you pick up on any old Indian village site—pieces of pottery, arrow points, stone hatchets and now and then a piece of copper.

Of course some mounds are much older than others, but not even in the oldest has anything been found to make us suppose that the builders were very different from the Indian.

The great earthen circles and squares were probably made by the same people who were buried in the neighboring mounds. What was their purpose is yet a doubt. Most probably they were used as a means

of defense by inclosing villages, or perhaps they surrounded cultivated fields.

Some of the mounds, too, were apparently used for the dwelling of the chief or ruler of the village. A certain old Spaniard with an unpronounceable name, who accompanied De Soto in his wild march, tells how they were entertained by a chief who had a dwelling on the top of one of these mounds. Moreover, too, the Indians told him that it was their custom to build mounds for such purposes.

We must not always think of the Indians as living in tents of skin and being only hunters of wild beasts; more often they lived in modern huts and cultivated the soil.

In brief, scientists do not believe that the mound builders were a separate race, but conclude that they were the same as the Indians—the ancestors of the present race. They had the same kind of weapons, the same tools and the same ornaments; built mounds for religious rites, for burial and for other unknown purposes, but with changing customs, mound building became less frequent and about two hundred years ago it passed away as a forgotten art.

Whence came this race we perhaps can never know, but we do know that they lived in this land for almost a thousand years—so long that they have forgotten many of the rites of their ancestors; and we know that they above all the right

DR. HARVEY B. BASHORE.

A Lisbon Bull Fight.

Mr. Bullar gives us a vivid description of a Lisbon bull fight, from which we extract some particulars. The ring where the contest takes place is a six or eight-sided wooden building open to the sky. Rough seats rise on every side. There is a shilling gallery, and there are boxes for royalty and nobles. The circus is prepared by black men in loose dresses of gay hints and coronets of feathers, after which rockets are fired and the cruel sport begins.

Mr. Bullar saw an active Spanish youth, dressed in tight black breeches and slashed sleeves, leap into the arena. He held a crimson scarf and a handful of darts about a yard long in his hand. A bull entered, and, having gazed at his enemy awhile, made a rush at him with his eyes shut and head bent down. The Spaniard nimbly avoided the animal and plunged a dart or two into the fleshy part of his neck as he flew by. The bull turned in an instant, reared himself on his hind legs, shook himself to get rid of the darts, and once more dashed at his tormentor. Again the man turned aside, and at the very moment when it seemed he must have been run down, immediately after two more wooden darts appeared in the grizzly neck of the tortured beast. The bull fighter had now no more darts left and he had dropped his scarf and was obliged to run toward the sheltered alley which surrounded the ring. He fled for dear life, and the brute at his heels. Just as the man had laid his hand on the rail and was in the act of vaulting over the bull got at him and pitched him into the crowded benches amid the shouts of 2,000 excited spectators. Another bull-fighter was even less fortunate; he was a Portuguese, very heavy and awkward in his movements. As the bull made at him he stood as if he were stupefied with doubt and was borne down with a dull thump and carried out for dead.

A yet more amusing contest was then carried on by some negroes and a fresh bull. These men had an empty barrel, which was set on end, and one of them got inside, armed with some darts, while another stood beside it. The animal glared at the negro and tub, then turned aside with an air of contempt, and strolled round the ring as if searching for something more worthy of his notice than a black man and a tub. At length, as if thinking there might be a foeman worthy of his steel there, he galloped at the negro, who at once threw himself on the ground, buried his snub nose in the dust and pretended to be dead. The bull smelt him over, and moved away, whereupon the dead man came to life again, and sneaked off to a place of safety. The other negro now grinned horribly over the edge of the barrel, and shook a bunch of feathers at the bull, who made a flourish and a charge, and rolled man and barrel over and over, and kept trundling them about to the intense amusement of the onlookers. Fat Portuguese lay back in their seats, quaking like molds of calves' foot jelly, and ladies put up their fans to hide their open mouths. Every now and then the negro peeped round the barrel's edge, shook his bunch of feathers, and picked the bull in the nose. The latter, getting angrier every moment, and finding he could not drive his enemy out of his refuge, struck it a sounding blow with his horns, and finally smashed it with his broad forehead. The negro, now seriously alarmed, screamed out for help, and after some delay his mates were shamed into the post of danger by the hoots of the people. When the bull saw them he was attracted by their gay dresses and made a charge at the group, which was scattered in a twinkling. Three fell on their faces and feigned death; the other two managed, though clumsily, to scale the fence. The bull sniffed at the prostrate negroes, but allowed them to crawl away; and, at length, by some means or other, the half-dozen blacks managed to lay hold of the bull's horns and tail and drag him about pretty much as they liked.

At the end of the day's amusement Mr. Bullar saw an instance of courage that astonished him. As the last bull was sweeping round the ring with about two hundred of the scum of Lisbon scouring after him (they being allowed to do what they pleased with this, the last of twenty), a lad of about eighteen ran straight at the head of the animal, seized him by the horns, and actually permitted himself to be shaken to and fro, and finally to be thrown into the air twenty feet above his head, as if he were nothing more than a stuffed man of sailcloth and sawdust, and this feat was repeated there several times. We may mention that the bulls' horns are cased with leather, and tipped with padded balls, and fatal accidents rarely happen.

CHATTERBOX.

A LITTLE INVALID



The Story of a small Sick Girl and a Strange and Beautiful Bird

By JOAQUIN MILLER

(Copyright, 1895.)

Men who "go down to sea in ships" do not wait for the tide to serve in San Francisco bay, as at New York and many another great seaport, but go in and go out as they please. The narrow Golden Gate is a great sluice and if the tide is setting for the sea you are shot out into the ocean of oceans as if shot out of a mighty gun.

Millions of sea doves, white as snow, most of them with feet and bills of coral pink, wheel in the air all about you and sometimes strike the rigging and fall helpless on deck, where they lie till some kind seaman takes them up and gently drops them in the air over the ship's side. But our story is not of these.

Twelve leagues out you pass some rock-seamed islands with a lighthouse and a little town inhabited by Greek fishermen and Italians who gather seabirds' eggs and sometimes serve as pilots, for they are all most daring and expert seamen.

A Marvelous Bird.

A few leagues further and the surging ocean, gray with battling against the rocky sea banks, has turned to sapphire and the snowy clouds of sea doves fade away from about the ship and only the wide-winged albatross is to be seen. This is an enormous bird, nine feet from tip to tip of wing, born away up yonder under the north pole, seamen say, but no one knows certainly where. We only know that it is never seen to touch land, that steadily and tirelessly it follows the ship 2,000 miles and only turns back when shore is in sight. You see black-backed whales now and then blowing white rainbows away up in the air out of their sapphire world of waters and that is all. Not a ship or sail of any sort for days and days and days. Nothing at all but the sapphire sea, the sapphire sky, a whale and the tireless, graceful, voiceless albatross. But our story is not of the albatross.

The Invalid.

I had a little friend who belonged to one of the frail and doomed families that sometimes come to us in California out of the cold far north for health, for life, but often too late; only in time frequently to find a grave. Here is a picture of her taken in the bloom of health. But no picture could approach or at all touch her pathetic beauty as she sailed with us on the last voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu. Her mother had just died in California and the doctor as a last and only hope had ordered her taken to the still milder climate of the islands in the heart of the great ocean. She was in charge of a great strong black woman whose ebony face and heavy black hair only emphasized the yellow locks and pallid features of the beautiful dying little girl. It is well enough to remember that many black people, perhaps the largest half on the globe, have beautiful heavy hair and features that are fairly Greek in symmetry. This gentle old black woman spoke only French, and very little of that, for her heart was all the time too full for words.

Do you know that sailors, despite all their idle superstitions, are kind men, the kindest in the world. Many years I have spent with them on the seas in voyaging around the world and I have often wished that we of the land could be as kindly as these brusque and seemingly hard men of the water.

A Cheerful Sufferer.

We were not two days at sea till the little invalid was the heart and soul of the ship. Sick people do not get sick at sea, as a rule, but only brighter up, as a feeble light that is dying out is brighter for a brief time in a fitful wind.

There is more liking and fellowship, although not less discipline, on this great, serene, restful and empty ocean without sail or gale than on the Atlantic with its countless ships and not uncommon storms; and so it is that you can speak to the captain and the captain can even speak to his seamen, as you can sometimes see on the lovely plains an officer riding along and talking with a man of the ranks.

You rise early on this vast warm ocean, if a real live man, to behold the sun burst up out of the boundless, mobile, flashing blue. The captain had relieved the black woman as I came to deck and was slowly pacing past where she sat with the bundled little body in his great, strong arms, while the pale face with its pink and coral flushes peeped out from the cloud of yellow curls against his breast. "Oh captain captain! I know where California is now; I know where my mamma is now! It's right back yonder where the sun bursts up! See! See! It's all yellow, gold, California! I want to go back there, and you are going all the time away from there; away from where mamma is."

"Little girl," and the husky voice struggled up and out through the gray beard as if with an effort, "if we keep on going and going we could at least get there by going this way. The world is round, you know."

"But you can't keep on going and going, and I'll tell you why," chimed in the child quickly with wide eyes and head half raised in protest, "for last night when black auntie held me up to look I saw the blue sky far on ahead of us fastened down to the blue sea below, and the two were nailed together with star-headed nails of gold, and the sea and the sky were nailed together on that side and on that side with star-headed nails of gold, and captain, the only way that was not fastened up was back towards California, where the sun rises and where mamma is."

The strong man looked far out to sea a second and then muttering something about "flying fish" turned his back on us hastily and went and leaned a little time with head bowed above the child over the ship's side.

Safe in Harbor.

About the end of the sixth night and in the starlit morning of the seventh day the

great lance peaks of Honolulu harbor, as if to knock their foreheads against the glittering stars, stood suddenly up out of the ocean before us.

Everybody was in deep expectation, exultation. Friends to meet and greet, gifts to give and receive. Even to strangers who now looked upon the surging lava built gateways and battlements that woke the outposts of the twelve little islands for the first time, the scene and the occasion was thrilling and full of strange delight. There was shuffling of feet up and down the deck; overhead rattle of rigging and creaking of ropes, quiet but clear commands from the browned first officer on his post; action, animation everywhere; women with bags, bundles, baskets. But the black woman with forehead close to her breast and broad bonnet, sat away back out of it all and almost out of sight.

The great, hot sun came quick, sudden almost as a shot, the stars were blown out on the instant and the sapphire world alone was as empty as the great sea we had sailed six days over. Then a cotton-white cloud was torn loose from a large one to the right as we rounded in all the swift trade winds, which blew it right before us. A shower, now as warm as tears. But the black woman did not move or lift her head.

More Precious Than Money.

Then the big browned first officer who now stood with us, as if looking for something, took a wicker basket with open slat sides from the hands of a cabin boy and bending his face to it, half lifted the



SPEARING IN THE SURF.

lid. A bird, white as snow, a strange and a strangely beautiful bird, struggled to get out. He hastily took it in his hand and giving the boy the basket started for the bowsprit. The bird set one of its talons in his hand till the blood streamed, but the patient, good man only paused to caress it tenderly in the other hand till it let go its hold. Then he started on again. We had all gathered about him. The bird was almost twice the size of a tame dove; but its plumage, like that of the bird of paradise, save that it was all snow white, contrasted with its wild flashing eyes, its red bill like a hawk's and its red-marked feet—fancy a bird with claws like an eagle's in pink webbed feet, all, all these together and the singular tenderness of the first officer and the eager concern of the sailors about him raised the admiration and marvel of us all to the highest tension.

"I will give you \$10 for it," cried a traveler, perhaps a naturalist. The first officer only looked back reproachfully and went ahead.

"I will give \$25," cried the eager man of science.

"What for?" This growl, like that of a lion, came from a sailor with closed teeth and fists at his side. And all this time the black woman had not moved or raised her head.

The Bird Set Free.

The first officer reached the bowsprit with his precious charge, but the man of science was promptly behind him. The bird on finding itself at liberty made no undignified struggle now, but deliberately walked the length of the beam and there paused before flight.

The bird swept up, up, up, like a shaft of sunlight, its wide white wings against the sapphire sky making it seem many times its natural size. The ship was headed for land. The first officer had freed the bird with its face to shore, but it rounded as it rose up, rounded back to the wake of the ship, and rising and rising struck straight out for the open sea, the way we had come.

The first officer turned pale and hastily stole a glance back over his shoulder toward where the bowed and immovable black woman sat. The seamen looked at one another a second and then back at the bowed woman. All this was but a moment. The men must be about their duties hastily; but as the first officer looked back just where the bowed woman sat with her dead his hat was in his hand and his head low, with all the rest. Was there another shower as warm as tears? Anyway, there was not a dry face. And when the seamen first lifted their heads from their work then each one looked instinctively back towards California.

Mamma—Tommy, I sent you to the grocery and Tommy to hurry back. Tommy—Yes, mamma, but you didn't tell me to hurry over there.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FLYING SQUIDS.

Manuel Garcia's Stirring Gallop in the Ocean.

(Copyright, 1895, by C. F. Holder.)

Manuel Garcia was a fisherman along the southern California coast, and every morning it was his duty to ride up the long white beach and watch for the schools of barracuda and sardines that frequented the warm water. He carried a long slender pole-like lance of a mounted dragoon, to which a white flag hung pendant, and when a school was sighted he drove this into the sand and rode back at full speed to the little fishing village to join the fishermen who would pull to the spot and endeavor to surround this school with their big nets.

Manuel in this way covered many miles of beach; sometimes to the north, where the Sierra Santa Monica range was faintly outlined in the haze; sometimes to the south, where the sands wound away and were lost to view.

On the Edge of the Sea.

The long white stretch might have been pronounced to some, but to the young fisherman it was rich and resourceful and every morning as he sprang upon his mustang and galloped away, his horse's feet sounding musically on the sand, he was on the alert for some new experience. One day he would find the white cranes roosting on the edge of the lagoon and steal upon them from behind the sand dunes, or he would find the shell nests of a little tern among the grasses of the beach.

For ages the inshore wind had been blowing the sand in little rivulets, heaping up the beds in strange shapes. Day after day they changed; now piling up over some old wreckage, again being blown from great timbers long since buried. So, ever changing, various objects were blown up from the sea; occasionally a nautilus shell, or a strange fish, telling of southern seas.

One morning Manuel started up the beach before the sun had risen. The tide was out and a long stretch of beach reached from the sand dunes down to the waves that

a white bottom they seem to lose all color, but darting over a mass of dark sea weeds they charge instantly, a reddish flush appearing that deepens until the animal is almost invisible. When closely examining the waves of color which follow one another over the body of the animal it presents a most attractive appearance.

Some years ago a naturalist observed some shining objects darting about in the waters of the bay of Naples at night. Catching some of them in a net, he found they were minute squids. The body was large and bag-shaped; the eyes prominent and tentacles short. The little creatures were very active, darting this way and that, and were veritable fire bodies, as the entire surface emitted light that lasted some time after the animals died.

Other squids have remarkably long tentacles, some being connected by webs which enable them to swim, others resemble arrows, with barb-like tails, and are literal arrows as they dart through the waves or over them as flying squids.

A Great Forrest.

Paul B. duChailu, the celebrated explorer, writing about the great equatorial forest of Africa, says:

"As the mariner approaches the western coast of Africa, above the River Campo, situated 2 degrees north of the equator, and sails southward along the land as far as the Gaboon estuary or river, the southern shores of which run in a parallel line with the equator and only a few miles north of it, he beholds all the way, reaching down to the water's edge, a dense, unbroken forest, and far inland, several mountain ranges covered with trees to their very top.

"These mountains are known under the name of Sierra del Crystal. They are gradually lost to sight as one nears the Gaboon. This immense wooded country forms the outskirts of the gigantic equatorial forest which I was the first to explore and which has been entered, and in part traversed further inland by the heroic Stanley.

"The outer or western limit of this belt of forest-clad region is the very sea itself, for the roots of its trees spread to the beach.

"A grand and magnificent sight greets the traveler as he finds himself in this woody wilderness. I was awed by the majesty of the scene and lost in admiration of the wonderful vegetation which it exhibited.

"The silence of this forest, as one travels through it, is something appalling. Mile after mile is traversed without even hearing the chatter of a monkey, the shrill cry of a parrot, the footstep of a gazelle or antelope. The falling of a leaf, the murmur of some hidden rivulet, the humming of insects and here and there the solitary note of a bird, only come to give life and bring relief in the gloom of the vast solitude that surrounds you. The feeling which seizes you as you move along in the silent path is indescribable.

"Once in a while the silence is broken by the heavy footstep of the elephant, the grunt of the wild boar, or the light footstep of some other wild animals.

"Gigantic trees, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet and even more, tower over this sea of everlasting foliage like giants of the forest ready to give the first warning of the coming tornado or tempest which is to break the tranquility of their domain.

"Under these enormous trees other trees of less size grow, and under these again others still smaller, of all sizes and shapes, and finally a thick jungle.

"What a jungle it is! Often the eye tries in vain to pierce through it even a yard or two. Lianas, like gigantic snakes, stretch in profusion from tree to tree, and twine themselves round the stems or hang from their branches; thorny creepers, malacca-like canes, with their hooklike thorns resting on the edge of the leaves; grass with edges as sharp as razors cling to your clothes, or cut deep into the flesh if they chance to touch any exposed part; or at times pineapples run wild are seen by the ten thousand—or aloes—while on the bark of trees hang, in large festoons, vast masses of orchids.

"Trees covered with flowers, often of brilliant color and beautiful shape, relieve at certain seasons of the year the monotony of the dark green. Other trees and plants bear a bountiful crop of nuts, fruits and berries of various sizes, colors and shapes.

"This forest, so rich in berries, nuts and fruits, is well adapted for the home of the ape. There lives the most powerful of all apes—the gorilla—a giant of strength, who roams to and fro in the great solitude as the king of the forest.

"The male comes and attacks man fiercely and without fear when disturbed in its haunts. One of my hunters was killed by one of these monsters, which in its rage bent the barrel of his gun and then left him to die.

"Besides the gorilla, there are other varieties of apes, or chimpanzees. One may form an idea of the age and continuity of this great forest when one reflects that such apes as are found there are only the survivors of numerous species of a far past age.

"The insect world is very abundant—scorpions, and centipeds, mosquitos without number, and also a species of gnat perhaps more troublesome than the mosquitos. The butterflies are at times extremely numerous, flitting along the path, their flight as still as the forest itself.

"Of snakes there is a great abundance. A few are harmless, but a bite of most of the species is deadly. There are tree, land and water snakes.

"There are a great many species of ants, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and the most dreaded of all is the bashikouay, a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot.

"It is the dread of all living animals of the forest—the elephant, the leopard, the gorilla and all the insect world—and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders, or to protect himself by fire and boiling water.

"It is the habit of the bashikouay to march through the forest in a long regular line about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they cannot bear, they immediately burrow under the ground and form tunnels. It takes them twelve hours for one of these tunnels to pass."

Many of the squids are famous for their leaping powers, jumping from wave to wave, impelled by a combined use of their fins and siphon, and from their wonderful activity in the water rarely observed, though in northern waters they are caught in large numbers by the simple process of "jigging." The animals exist in the greatest variety in nearly all oceans, from the giant of Newfoundland to the bizarre forms of warmer seas. One produces the cuttle fish bone of commerce, many provide sepia, or the best India ink, while all are valuable as bait and food for the large fishes.

Sea Chameleons.

The squids are famous mimics, having the peculiar faculty of adapting their color to that of their surroundings. Thus on

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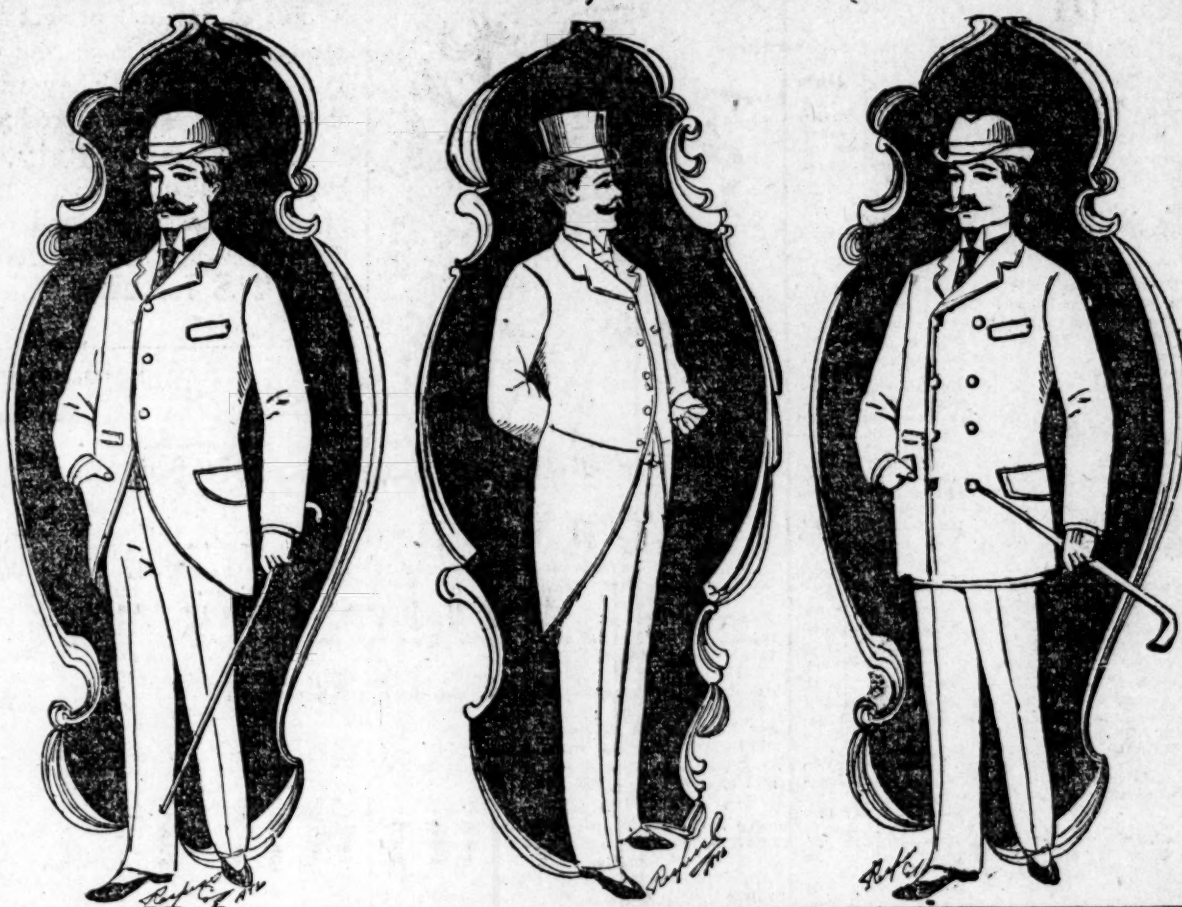
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\$10.00 For Men's Latest Spring styles of Frocks, Cutaways or Sacks, comprising Serges, Twills, Bannockburns and Cassimeres. Made and trimmed in the best manner possible. **NOTHING THEIR EQUAL UNDER \$20.00.**

\$12.50 For Men's finest imported Cassimere Suits; also Clays, fancy Worsteds and Serges, Cutaways, Frocks and Sacks, elegantly made and trimmed. **NOTHING THEIR EQUAL UNDER \$22.50**

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All-Wool Suits in pretty mixed goods, 4 to 15 years, well worth \$2.50. **\$1.48**

Handsome All-wool Fauntleroy Suits, gray, navy blue and green, revere fronts and extra collars, neatly trimmed in fine Silk Embroidered or braid, worth \$3.00, 3 to 8. **\$1.75**

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One Lot Men's Balbriggan Underwear.

Overlock hem and seam, the regular 50c kind, but here. **25c**

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Men's hand-sewed French Calf Shoes, razor, medium or wide toes, all the latest styles; worth \$4.00, our price. **\$2.98**

Men's Porpoise Calf Shoes, lace or cong., any shape toe; worth \$3.00, our price. **\$1.98**

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A sample lot of Men's Buff Lace Shoes, sizes 6 to 11; worth \$1.75, our price. **\$1.25**

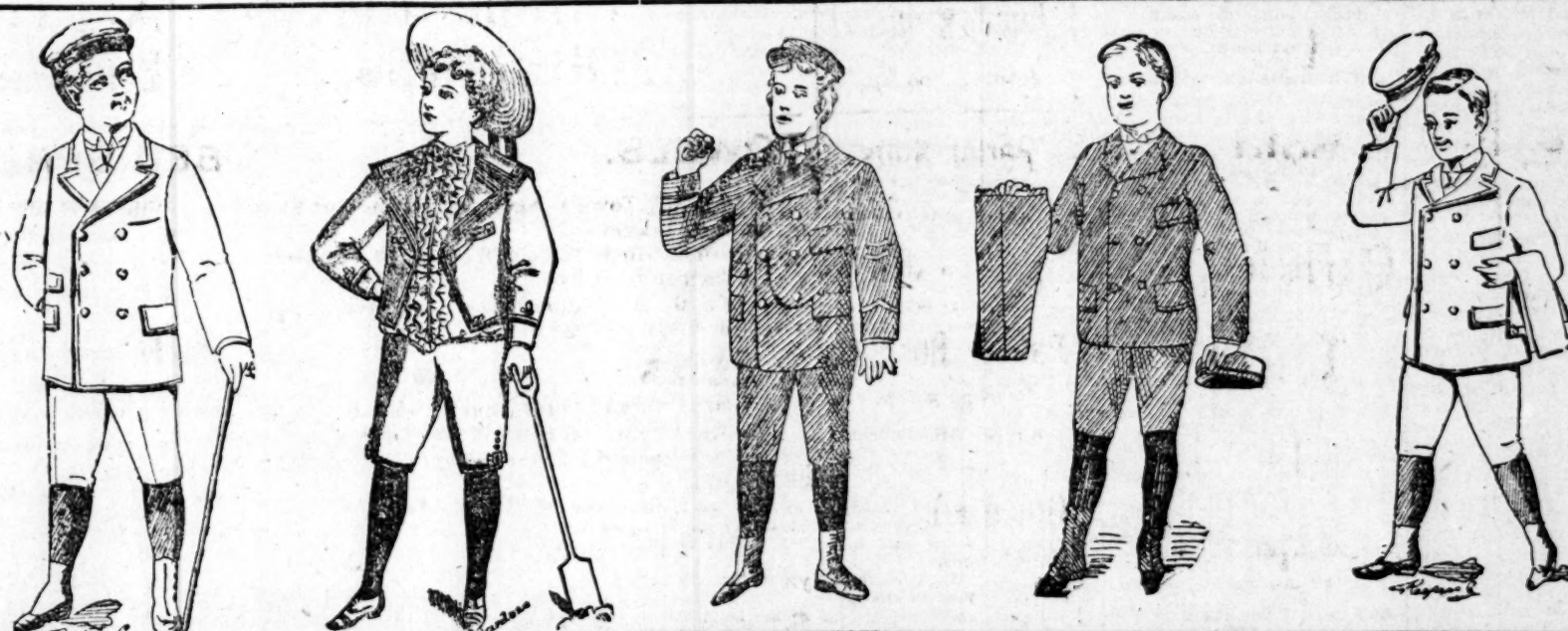
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Good web, an unusual bargain, value 35c; here **10c**

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Regular 50c and 75c qualities; marked for tomorrow. **25c**

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Ladies' Common Sense Oxfords, broad toes, a perfect house Slipper, sample lot, sizes 2 1/2 to 7, worth \$1.50, our price. **98c**

Ladies' Vici Kid Button Boot, narrow, square or wide toes, worth \$3.00, our price. **\$1.98**

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Of carrying over no goods from one season to another. All Summer stocks are being sacrificed. Each day wins a new triumph for the Great Closing Out Sale. The popular will approve the plan and endorses the truthfulness of our statements.

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Experience that contradicts precedent is common in this business. Just as was the great Mid-Summer selling of Cotton Dress Goods here last week. It will proceed during the following days with increasing force and energy. You'll want to see bright, fresh Wash Stuffs here next Spring. We now prepare to fulfill your wishes. Cost of goods is entirely ignored. Prices are made to rapidly vacate counters and shelves. The styles offered are new and beautiful this season. Sound economy says "buy for next year."

Wool Dress Goods.

Such Wool Dress Goods now in stock as are suited to Autumn wear are placed at prices that will quickly distribute them. This being so it will be well for the prudent women who desire to secure all the advantages to make selections promptly. Many are rich and costly, but the prices both for complete patterns and yard goods are low enough to meet universal economical ideas. Variety sufficient to attract every taste.

Superb Table Linens.

Maybe enough of these special lots to last the week out. More likely that they will be gone by Wednesday night. And the offerings are made in the face of rising prices. In other words, a goodly portion of these Linens would earn a profit by being packed away. We know stores that are run that way—speculative. We do not believe in it—our best efforts belong to the present. This view of it gives you these bargains today:

60-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth 65c, at.....	45c
62-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth 75c, at.....	57c
68-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth \$1.00, at.....	73c
72-inch Bleached Table Damask, regularly worth \$1.25, at.....	95c

No matter how such chances come. The question is, will you get your share of the money-saving items?

A Ton of Towels.

Five hundred dozen Towels. The largest scoop ever accomplished by a southern dealer. We got them at our own prices from an importer who had to sell without delay. Descriptions and quotations are but meagre means with which to impress you with their value. You have an assurance, and the evidence of your judgment whetted by comparisons, that the Towels at current prices here are what you are asked to pay elsewhere and half as much more.

10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c.

Every Towel we offer is worth fifty per cent more. There are Plain, Double and Bird's-eye Huck-a-backs with fringe and red, blue, brown orange and pink borders. Their advertising is necessarily abridged, for cheapness like this leaves little to spend for printer's ink.

Napkins and Doylies.

An immense variety of pure flax Napkins, size 5x8 from \$1.00 per dozen up to \$4.00; size 3x4 from \$1.25 up to \$5.00—and every in-between price stands for quality. Satin Damask Doylies, beautiful designs, from 60c per dozen up to \$3.75. Checked Fruit Napkins from 25c per dozen up. The opportunity is yours. Today's Linens are at figures from half to two-thirds the recent lowest prices.

Another Blanket Sale.

Hot weather to talk about such wintry weaves, isn't it? But then, when the mercury's up the prices are down, and you'll think this a grand Blanket Store when you see and understand the values we are offering. The present variety represents some of the best efforts of the foremost manufacturers of the country. The stock is beautiful, clean and perfect, and is market at the lowest prices for which Blankets of equal quality have ever been sold.

Fine White Blankets, size 10x4, worth \$2.25	\$1.19
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$3.00	\$1.98
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$3.65	\$2.75
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$4.50	\$2.98
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$5.00	\$3.48
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$6.00	\$4.98
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$6.50	\$4.48
Fine White Blankets, size 11x4, worth \$7.50	\$4.98

Take any of them and place beside the best Blanket bargains of the same grade to be found elsewhere. We invite and challenge expert comparison.

Spreads and Comfortables.

At \$1.00 a twelve-quarter spread that can't be matched under \$1.40. Real Marseilles Spreads at \$1.25 that others sell at \$1.65, and Hemmed Spreads at \$1.35 that represent the best value we ever saw. If you want something finer the price range here runs still higher. Everything Comfortables from 75c sorts—covered with Calico and filled with padded cotton to the India Silk covered, down filled kind, that are so useful and luxurious.

KEELY COMPANY

The
Delkin Co.
Receiver
Sale
of
Diamonds,
Watches,
Jewelry
and
Silverware
Now
On.
Everything

Must
Be
Sold
Quickly.
This
Is
the
Imperative
Order
of
the
Court.

Therefore
Everything
at
and
Below
Cost.

J. B. Hollis,
Receiver,
69
Whitehall
Street.

NOTICE

We carry everything for Decorating and Draping. Flags, Bunting, red-white-and-blue Cotton Cloths, Canton Flannels, Silk Drapery, Ribbons, Gold and Silver Fringes and Ornaments. Chinese Lanterns and Ornaments.

EXHIBITORS



ESTABLISHED 1867.

Our Motto: "UPRIGHT DEALINGS IN ALL TRANSACTIONS."

We have a Corps of Decorators second to none in the U. S.

Exposition
Chamber Suits
\$12.50.

Dining Room
Furniture
of all kinds amazingly low.

Folding Beds
from \$10.00 up.

Parlor Suits
\$20.00 to \$50.00.
..GREAT VALUES..

Fancy Rockers
from \$2.50 up.
—NEW DESIGNS—

Office Furniture
Roller Top Desks
from \$13.50 up.

BED LOUNGES
from \$7.50 up.
CUT PRICES.

Hall Racks
from \$6.50 up.
LATEST STYLE.

Chairs
—For—
DINING ROOM, PARLOR & LIBRARY...

Sideboards
Solid Oak from \$10.00 up.

OUR WAREROOMS

At 54 & 56 Whitehall St. and 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 & 22 E. Hunter St.

Cover acres of space and are now filled with

Furniture, Carpets,

Matting, Linoleums,
Oil Cloths,

Dry Goods,
Art Goods,
Bric-a-Brac.

TOWELS.

Fine Bath Towels, 24x45, at 15c each or \$1.75 per dozen—Bargain.
All linen Huck Towels, fringed, at 55c dozen; a good barber shop Towel.
Fine all linen hemmed or fringed Towel, 20x40, at \$1.75 per dozen.

LINENS.

Colored Linen Doylies from 22 1-2c a dozen up. White Linen Doylies from 60c a dozen up. Fine Bleached Damask Napkins from 60c a dozen up. Large Size Linen Huck Towels, extra value, at \$1.50 per dozen. Fine White Linen Damasks from 39c a yard up.

Sheets and Pillow Cases

At Special Prices, all hemmed and ready for use.

BED SPREADS.

Single Bed and Cot Spreads only 75c each. 10-4 Spread, best in market at 75c. 11-4 Spread, extra heavy at \$1.00. A full line of Marseilles Spreads in stock.

CURTAINS, ETC.

Piece Muslins for Curtains, new designs, white or colors, 25c a yard. 250 pieces of Scrim at 5c a yard. Lace Curtains, 3 1-2 yards long, at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 a pair—special price this week. 50 styles new Upholstering materials at 60c a yard. 1,000 Chenille Portieres from \$2.50 up. Derby Portieres, new for halls, etc., at \$4.50 a pair. An odd lot of Velour Portieres, solid colors, was \$15.00 now \$7.50 a pair.

Closing Sale
OF
Summer Goods.

Hosiery, Gents' Furnishings, Laces, Embroideries,
—ALL KINDS OF—
Wash Fabrics, Silks, Ready-Made Waists, Suits, Etc.
MARKED LESS THAN COST!
COME MONDAY—GREAT VALUES.

M. RICH & BROS.,

54 and 56 Whitehall Street.

WE
HANDLE

Quantities greater than any other house in the South, enabling us to give patrons great advantage in prices.

"The largest buyers buy the cheapest"

Wardrobes.
(New Designs)
From \$10.00 up.

China Closets.
Highly polished.
\$10.00 and up.

Chiffoniers.
From \$7.50 up.

Oriental Rugs.
Antique Daghestan and Carabogh.

Japanese Rugs.
2 1-2x3 feet at \$1.25.
3x6 feet at \$1.50.

Wilton
Sample Rugs.
At \$1.25 each.

Matting.
40 Yard Rolls
from \$4.00 up.

Tapestry
Brussels
Carpets at 55c a yard.

Carpets.
High Grade Body
Brussels,
\$1.00 per yard.

Special
Bargains.
MATTRESSES,
SPRINGS,
PILLOWS.

Blankets.
The prettiest 11-4
BLANKETS...
in town.....\$1.25

Comfortables.
Best in the city,
.....At 98c

Furniture

Car after car and still it comes: but not one piece of shoddy goods. Indeed, there is not a single piece that we do not guarantee, and all are at prices as low as some pay for cheap goods.

Chamberlin,
Johnson
& Co.

Carpets.

Grand Display

NEW CARPETS,
NEW DRAPERIES,
NEW LINOLEUMS,
NEW RUGS,
NEW SHADES,
Etc., Etc.
See the largest stock and lowest prices.

Chamberlin,
Johnson
& Co.

THE PEOPLE

Advice

In view of the recent invention of Iowa, the gold profit by the lesson should be "To be forewarned" should be kept in mind to question of the others being largely in. But the obnoxious master men with gold and hands in the not safe men to further the common people. Let "be" be "none but true" be a national convention. The should be watched and left at home. Let the fact that this is a people and for the people.

ED HYDER.

The Articles.

There are two recent which to heartily thank situation. Moran on John C. Calhoun, the 21st ultimo, makes on to southern history. The historians of the clearly and strikingly of Mr. Calhoun nation, and the unpar- wise paid him. His poraries in withdrawing in order to place these points have never and logically. The historian of the future Mr. Moran for an article, style and shape, which the final estimate of the achievements of ment statesman. Mr. passed from the ranks into the status of power, analysis and

under strain I am to the brilliant per that charming and of James R. Randall, and more generous of journalism during as refreshing in an age as neglect to read one whose inspired sense of our lost cause indeed be ungrate- they forget the deep local sentimentality to the patriot soul of and we are all to be the task of embalming poetry has fallen to pen has had no peer beauty since Henry

TEMPLE GRAVES.

Mr. Slade, August 17.—Editor Con- sult of the 15th great to the Macon "spe- cial" was the dif- ficulty between Mr. J. J. Semmes purported to ases. I was then as- signed to the "special" re- form. I had the material information received. Mr. William Wadley, in Macon, had been the "special" re- form. I had the material information received. Mr. William Wadley, in Macon, had been the "special" re- form. I had the material information received.

instantaneous changes, their halfbreed escapes and their brilliant attendances, for in those countries, where the fight is a casual event, all the inhabitants turn out, from the pauper to the patrician, and men and women save their coin for months in order to get the price for an admission to the immense amphitheatres where they are held.

While we may not be the recipients of the coquettish and dangerous senoritas, the flash of laughing eyes and the scowls of incensed admirers, we may expect to find the same types in their fair American cousins and have our interest and admiration heightened by their winning attractiveness and stylish modes.

The amphitheater to be constructed at the exposition is a fair specimen of the ones in the countries mentioned. It will be sited by seventy-five feet and will have seating capacity for 5,000 people. It will be handsomely decorated with the national colors of Mexico and the Spanish and artistically hung with festooning of bunting.

There will be a carload of bulls of the finest breed brought here from Mexico, where they are raised from pure strains for the purpose and are of the highest mettle and the most aggressive disposition. The reason for bringing them here is that after being used at several performances they will be allowed to rest for a few days before being brought into the arena again.

These bulls will leave the city of Mexico on September 9th in a special car, accompanied by the entire aggregation of Mexican village number the hundred persons, and will arrive on the 14th day of the month.

Owing to the fact that the work of preparing quarters for them is still progressing they will not be here sooner, but there will be ample accommodations by that time.

There will be nine bullfights selected from among the most noted men of the fight in Mexico. They will be headed by the Mexican matador, Senor Caballero, one of the most intrepid bullfighters and a conqueror of numerous bulls. This gentleman is a graduate of the college for bullfighters in the city of Spain, thoroughly educated and a man of scholarly attainments but with a passion for the excitement of the arena. He was so fascinated with the practice of the law and during his career as a bullfighter has made a splendid logical connection with the law in his chosen calling. He was the chief matador at the bull fight given at the Paris exposition in 1889 and carried off the first prize for his performance.

READY FOR THE FIGHT

Bulls, Matadors and the Arena in Shape for the Bull Fight.

THEY DON'T MIND WILLIAM HOSEA

And the Matadors and Pleadors Will Be Here in a Few Days—The Arena Practically Completed.

All through the discussion which has waged with so much warmth between the advocates and the enemies of the bull fight the men of the change of the fight have maintained a passing unobtrusive and all the time have been making their preparations for the event.

That the fight will be attempted is evidenced by the presence of the partially finished arena in which the fight is to take place and the arrangements made for the shipment of the bulls from the land of the Montezumas to the city of Atlanta, and hence to the scene of the fray.

There is no doubt that the occasion will be a nine days' wonder in Georgia and for years there will be a stirring recollection of the fight and posterity will record its statements and enthusiasm.

Those who have seen the fights in old Mexico and even in Spain say that they are the most thrilling affairs that they have ever witnessed in their stirring and

After some delay the committee appointed to carry the invitation to President Diaz, of Mexico, to attend the Cotton States and International exposition, will leave the city this afternoon at 4 o'clock for the city of Mexico. The committee will travel in a special car over the Atlantic and West Gulf railroad and will make stops at New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio and Laredo, arriving at their destination Thursday morning, and will take quarters at the Hotel Turbide.

Five days will be spent in the city of Mexico seeing the many points of interest in that quaint old city and it is supposed that the committee will be extended to the committee attendant upon their presentation to President Diaz of the invitation. The committee take with them letters from Secretary of State Olney to the Mexican minister at the city of Mexico, containing instructions regarding the care and entertainment of the committee to the United States, has also given a letter to President Diaz requesting that all courtesies be ex-

As an evidence that the spirit of the exposition is heartily in favor of the bull fight and wish to experience a foretaste of this exciting sport, of which the doughty, irrepressible Hosea has sworn himself a foe, the party will stop on its return at San Luis Potosi in order to witness a real bull fight, where the fiery and untamed principles of the horns, but fight to the death in the arena.

The gentlemen composing the committee are Messrs. R. D. Spaulding, W. H. Black, Fulton Colville, T. B. Neal, Stewart Woodson, John Ryan, W. H. Newman, J. R. Gray, Forrest Anderson, F. C. Ewell, and others. The gentlemen composing the committee are Messrs. R. D. Spaulding, W. H. Black, Fulton Colville, T. B. Neal, Stewart Woodson, John Ryan, W. H. Newman, J. R. Gray, Forrest Anderson, F. C. Ewell, and others.

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TO SEE A BULL FIGHT

The Exposition Committee to Invite President Diaz to See the Sport.

THEY WILL LEAVE THIS AFTERNOON

Will Stop at Many Points in Mexico and Texas—President of Venezuela and His Cabinet Will Be Invited.

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A VAUDEVILLE HALL

Splendid Temporary Pleasure Palace on the Old Capitol Site.

TO BE CALLED THE TROCADERO

There Will Be a Large Hall, a Cafe and a Music Room—To Be Run Only During the Exposition.

Few Atlantians are aware of the cause of the activity at the corner of Marietta and Forsyth streets, opposite the postoffice. It is due to the building, not of a great hotel, but of "The Trocadero," which will be one of the greatest amusement resorts of the exposition period.

The building will be immense in proportions and thoroughly equipped with all that is necessary to make it a place of comfort and pleasure. The main hall covers an area of 15,000 square feet. On the north and east sides are located the tiers of boxes, in all numbering thirty-six. At the west end of the building will be situated a magnificent theater, where the highest class of vaudeville performances and Parisian variety will be given every night during the exposition.

The artists who will perform at the Trocadero will be of the very best. To the right of the stage will be located a mammoth orchestra. This orchestra is made by the celebrated firm of Welles & Sons, of Frankfurt, Baden, Germany, and is the third largest automatic instrument in the world. Those who visited the world's fair and picnic at the Exposition of 1893, by this firm will welcome with pleasure the prospect of being allowed to enjoy the en-

tertainment offered by this grand instrument.

The great orchestra to be erected in the Atlanta Trocadero contains 750 instruments, and its execution of the finer passages is perfectly exquisite. The cafe will be made one of the chief features of the Trocadero. No expense has been spared in fitting up the kitchen with all the new and modern appliances. In this department will be arranged everything that can appeal to the heart of an epicure. The appointments for serving tempting and delicious concoctions will be unsurpassed in the south. This department has been placed under the direction of one of the most noted epicures of the day, and no pains have been spared to make it a pleasant feature of the exposition. A pleasing feature of the culinary department will be the daily service of a genuine old-fashioned French barbeque, for which the lamb, kid, chicken, bird, duck and guinea hen will be served.

Every detail has been carefully studied and planned, managers of every department have been selected with a view to their adaptability to the work entrusted to them. The magnitude of the undertaking can hardly be appreciated by the general public, and the patronage accorded the Trocadero will, no doubt, be commensurate with the wonderful instrument erected and maintained in a place of such high class entertainment.

The work on the Trocadero is being rapidly pushed, and everything will be in readiness for the opening of the exposition. The orchestra is without doubt the most wonderful of the mechanical achievements and the strains of music that issue from the hands of the orchestra will be the strains of the famous Sousa or Gilmore bands. Every instrument, of which there are 750, will be distinctly heard, and every note is accurately sounded. The Trocadero is only a temporary building and is to be torn down as soon as the exposition is over. Work will be begun on a handsome ten-story building as soon as the Trocadero disappears.

THEY MUST HAVE PASSES. Employees on the Exposition Grounds Must Have Tickets.

During the past week the rule admitting none but holders of tickets of admission and passes to the exposition grounds has not been rigidly enforced, but the following letter addressed to the public by Mr. Edmund A. Felder, director of the department of admissions, will speak for itself.

Atlanta, Ga., August 16, 1895.—To Exhibitors, Concessionaires and Contractors: Commencing Tuesday, August 20th, this department will be prepared to receive and issue the passes to the grounds of the Cotton States and International exposition, and will require the presentation of passes for free admission.

For the purpose of supplying these needs the Cotton States and International Exposition and Art Company have been organized with headquarters at 7½ Whitehall street. This company is all ready for business. In fact it booked over four thousand orders within the past few days. Yesterday the Georgia state exposition company awarded the contract for decorating the state building to this company for \$100,000.

Every exhibit connected with the company is a special artist. Mr. P. A. O'Connor is its president and is known throughout the state as a master designer and decorator.

The sign work is under the direct supervision of Mr. W. W. Reynolds, who is well and favorably known in this country as a specialist in this line he excels. Mr. Lee Bronson is one of the finest relief artists in America and he has charge of the sign work. A cereal artist from San Francisco has been engaged to paint the sign work. Mr. George W. Wade will superintend the electrical work, while Mr. W. R. Jeter will have the cabinet and carpenter construction. This is a company that will do the work entrusted to them in a manner that will be satisfactory to all parties. Mr. O'Connor has long been the county jail for the best people here. The same may be said of each of the other gentlemen.

FOURTEEN COUNTIES.

That Number of Georgia Counties Will Have Fine Displays.

SPACE IN THE STATE BUILDING

The Counties Are All at Work and Will Soon Have Their Displays Ready for the Opening Day.

When the Georgia state building is thrown open to the inspection of visitors on the opening day of the Cotton States and International exposition there will be no exhibits that will attract the attention of eighteenth nor receive better compliment than the exhibits sent by fourteen counties of the state of Georgia.

The counties to be represented are Randolph, Clarke, Meriwether, Bartow, Worth, Kennesaw, Polk, Sumter, Gwinnett, Cobb, Dodge, Glynn, Harlison and Floyd.

These counties are among the most productive in agricultural products and the development of natural resources will contribute not a little to the success to be achieved by the state representation. They are all foremost in every movement where the interest of Georgia is concerned, and at the outset of the preparation of state exhibits for the exposition signified their intention of assisting in the accomplishment of the purpose by entering the list as exhibitors, and will send their finest productions in order that the reputation

achieved in the past may be supported and even surpassed.

Ample space has been assigned them in a prominent part of the building, and from the opinions expressed by many residents of these counties, they will vie with one another in the quality and quantity of their exhibits. Being without the industrial representation of the soil and the result of the labor of their soil they will exert every influence to bring to the great event in Georgia history the best productions of man's industry and nature's munificence. Beside the exhibits from the counties, there will be contributions from the different prominent cities of the state which lie in them, and these alone will furnish interesting material that will greatly add to the success of the representation. Every one knows the rivalry that exists between the cities throughout the state and the preparation of these exhibits and the many exertions that will be made to outdo one another.

Colonel Robert T. Nesbitt, the commissioner of agriculture, who has the superintendence of these exhibits and their installation in charge, is most enthusiastic regarding the exhibits in course of preparation and thinks that never before will these counties make such a showing of their liberal resources, both industrial and agricultural.

For the past month he has been busily engaged replying to letters from the various chairmen of the several counties relative to the exhibits, and all of them are enthusiastic in their remarks of the showing to be made at the exposition. The space to be assigned to these counties is on the main floor of the Georgia state building, which is to be devoted to the collection of agricultural products. The space to be assigned to these counties is on the main floor of the Georgia state building, which is to be devoted to the collection of agricultural products. The space to be assigned to these counties is on the main floor of the Georgia state building, which is to be devoted to the collection of agricultural products.

Wimbish, Arrested for Forgery, Was Given His Liberty Yesterday.

J. J. Wimbish, the negro detective and perpetrator of a reputation for being a forger, was given his liberty yesterday afternoon.

The arrest of the negro was due to a bogus check, and was intended to pass on a bartender by the name of Genter. The bartender advanced the negro \$2.00 on the check and was called to the next day for his cash. The check was found to be a forgery and the negro was arrested.

The man was hurt by a heavy piece of boiler that fell on his foot last Wednesday. He was taken to the hospital, where his wound was dressed. Since his removal to his home, he has suffered for attention and it is now very probable that blood poisoning may result from the amputation of his leg necessary.

Dr. McRae called in yesterday to give the man attention and thinks that probably he can save the injured member. It is doubtful, however, as the man has not received the proper medical attention, and some very unfavorable symptoms have been discovered.

Involved from Washington city of additional supplies for the weather bureau exhibit at the exposition. A special agent of the government has been sent to look after the reception of all supplies. The exhibit is, however, assigned to the care of Captain Hunt, the local observer.

MEN OF GREAT FAME

Max O'Rell, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Eugene Field, Expected to Come to Atlanta.

REMEYNI, THE GREAT VIOLINIST, TOO

Arrangements Are Being Made to Secure a Strong List of Attractions for High Class Lyceum Course.

Some of the most distinguished men in the field of literature, art and the pulpit will visit Atlanta during the coming fall and winter. Arrangements are being made to give a course of lectures and readings by such men as Dr. Lyman Abbott, Eugene Field, Max O'Rell, Hopkinson Smith, Bob Burdette, James Whitcomb Riley. It is probable that Kate Field may be included in the list and perhaps a concert by Remyeni. It is very much desired to get a lecture from one other man whose name is a household word and whom every one would want to hear.

The course will open in October probably with Dr. Abbott or Eugene Field. Dr. Abbott is the pastor of Henry Ward Beecher's old church in Brooklyn. He is the editor of The Outlook. Dr. Abbott stands today in the very front rank of thinkers. He and Dr. Talmage rank together in reputation. He is an immensely popular lecturer. In Memphis last year he had an audience of 5,000.

Eugene Field, the delightful American litterateur, has never been to Atlanta, and the many lovers of his writings here join with his warm personal friends in the desire to see and hear him. One poem made the lasting reputation of Gray. Eugene Field has several poems, any one of which would have made him famous. They range all the way from "Little Boy Blue," which goes to every heart, to "The Little French of Emerald Hue," one of the most popular songs ever written. Mr. Field is a thoroughly delightful gentleman. He has warm personal friends in Atlanta, and he is sure to be lionized when he comes.

Max O'Rell is a sul general. There is not another like him. Born in France, long a resident of England, he has traveled all over the world. He is a thorough cosmopolitan and a Frenchman. He is "the most brilliant humorist and satirist of the age," says The New York Herald. "His force and wit are of the highest order. He is one of the most entertaining and sparkling lecturers ever given by any one anywhere."

Hopkinson Smith, author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," is a remarkable genius. He is a first-rate architect, a high-class civil engineer, he passes well enough the test of being a man of letters. He is a professional, an expert gastronomer, a good poet, a musician, a brilliant story writer and has made a great deal of money contracting. He is one of the swiftest of the well in New York's 400. His readings are limited every season because of his number of engagements.

The others are all equally as well known as those mentioned above. The course, which will be known as the Atlanta Lyceum course, will consist of at least five entertainments, which will be given at intervals from the opening until March. A limited number of season tickets will be sold in advance at \$3 each or two for \$5. In all likelihood the weather during the exposition will be good. This will probably atone for the damage already caused in washing away the terraces and flooding the lands of Clara Meier with the muddy drainage of the hills. For the next few days the weather is likely to remain unsettled. Intermittent glimpses of sunshine may be expected but the clouds will hold a monopoly of the heavens for several days to come. One important advantage that breaks the monotony of discontent aroused by the prolonged showers is the benefit of the heavy rains in thoroughly draining the city. The sewers have all been flushed and there is no danger of the city being more thoroughly purged of all impurities than Atlanta is at the present time.

The bad weather is likely to continue until the expiration of dog days. The old superstition has been confirmed by long experience and it certainly holds good in the present instance. The rains are general throughout the Gulf and South Atlantic states. Much damage has been wrought by the showers to various parts of the country.

A SMOOTH DETECTIVE. Wimbish, Arrested for Forgery, Was Given His Liberty Yesterday.

J. J. Wimbish, the negro detective and perpetrator of a reputation for being a forger, was given his liberty yesterday afternoon.

The arrest of the negro was due to a bogus check, and was intended to pass on a bartender by the name of Genter. The bartender advanced the negro \$2.00 on the check and was called to the next day for his cash. The check was found to be a forgery and the negro was arrested.

The man was hurt by a heavy piece of boiler that fell on his foot last Wednesday. He was taken to the hospital, where his wound was dressed. Since his removal to his home, he has suffered for attention and it is now very probable that blood poisoning may result from the amputation of his leg necessary.

Dr. McRae called in yesterday to give the man attention and thinks that probably he can save the injured member. It is doubtful, however, as the man has not received the proper medical attention, and some very unfavorable symptoms have been discovered.

Involved from Washington city of additional supplies for the weather bureau exhibit at the exposition. A special agent of the government has been sent to look after the reception of all supplies. The exhibit is, however, assigned to the care of Captain Hunt, the local observer.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

MEN OF GREAT FAME

Max O'Rell, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Eugene Field, Expected to Come to Atlanta.

REMEYNI, THE GREAT VIOLINIST, TOO

Arrangements Are Being Made to Secure a Strong List of Attractions for High Class Lyceum Course.

Some of the most distinguished men in the field of literature, art and the pulpit will visit Atlanta during the coming fall and winter. Arrangements are being made to give a course of lectures and readings by such men as Dr. Lyman Abbott, Eugene Field, Max O'Rell, Hopkinson Smith, Bob Burdette, James Whitcomb Riley. It is probable that Kate Field may be included in the list and perhaps a concert by Remyeni. It is very much desired to get a lecture from one other man whose name is a household word and whom every one would want to hear.

The course will open in October probably with Dr. Abbott or Eugene Field. Dr. Abbott is the pastor of Henry Ward Beecher's old church in Brooklyn. He is the editor of The Outlook. Dr. Abbott stands today in the very front rank of thinkers. He and Dr. Talmage rank together in reputation. He is an immensely popular lecturer. In Memphis last year he had an audience of 5,000.

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\$5 FOR HIS DRIVE.

A Drayman Who Ventured on the Asphalt Pavement Fined for It.

THE ORDINANCE TO BE ENFORCED

All Drivers of Heavy Wagons Found on the Asphalt Will Be Fined—The Case Yesterday.

Milton King, a negro drayman, in the employ of the Dixie Lumber Company, was fined by Acting Recorder Tolbert yesterday afternoon \$5 and costs for violation of the new Inman ordinance, prohibiting the use of the asphalt of Peachtree street by heavy drays and wagons.

From the testimony of Officer Randall it seems that the negro had been advised by the police several days ago that he must not drive his dray over the smooth pavement. This notice the driver failed to obey, and Friday afternoon he was arrested with a wagon load of heavy timber that he was hauling to the exposition grounds.

The drayman stated before the recorder that he was aware of the existence of the ordinance, but that he had been instructed by the Dixie Lumber Company that he could use the pavement, orders or no orders to keep off the street. The officer that made the arrest stated that the load on the wagon had been weighed as much as 2,000 or 4,000 pounds, and the load was to have been hauled the entire length of the street.

Acting Recorder Tolbert said that he did not know just what to do in the case, as the wording of the ordinance was such that under certain circumstances that street could be used by drays, and that he would suspend the payment of the fine until he had an opportunity to confer with Mayor King. The fine was not paid, and the drayman was allowed to leave the court with the understanding that he was to pay the fine if it was not remitted.

The arrest of King is the second case that has been made against the draymen of the city for the violation of the Inman ordinance and has been started by the officers of the police department that they have been instructed to carry out the law to the letter. Mr. Inman is also determined that the law be enforced, and he will possibly so change the wording of the ordinance that it cannot be misunderstood. As the ordinance now reads several loop holes are to be found through which the violators can escape being fined.

City Attorney Anderson on the Law. "The city can't close up a street that has been open for any length of time," said City Attorney Anderson, "but it has the right to regulate the travel on the thoroughfare. It is by no means the intention of the city to close up the street, but it is only intended that the heavy teams and drays that are likely to cut tracks in the pavement be kept off. The city has a right to do this."

The owners of heavy wagons and teams do not agree with the city attorney on the point of closing up a street, and there is considerable talk of testing the law. It is very probable that some of the owners of drays will have a test case made. The coal and wood men, as well as the proprietors of the transfer companies, are talking of fighting the ordinance. In the meantime cases will be made against all offenders.

FROM BEYOND THE SEA. Exposition

238 & 240 MARIETTA ST

